

# The Sketch

No. 723.—Vol. LVI.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1906.

SIXPENCE.



## CITY GOVERNMENT AS A RECREATION FOR ACTORS—WHY NOT MR. SEYMOUR HICKS AS LORD MAYOR OF LONDON?

Mr. George Alexander, in desiring to become a County Councillor, has set an example that his brother-actors may wish to follow. Shall we hear of the City Corporation asking Mr. Seymour Hicks to be Lord Mayor of London? In our "photographic cartoon" we give an idea of the probable reception that would be accorded the suggestion by the popular actor-manager.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield; Setting by "The Sketch."*



## "THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER ALMOST SOLD OUT!

*The Christmas Number of "The Sketch"—the best the paper has issued—was published on Monday last. Those who desire to secure a copy should obtain one from their newsagents immediately, as the edition, enormous as it is, is almost sold out, and cannot be reprinted. The number contains many new and attractive features, and with it is presented a splendid plate in Photogravure, "The Favourite," after the picture by Léon Comerre. The price of the issue is One Shilling, as usual.*

### MOTLEY NOTES.

London.

#### The Wind and the Rain.

'Twas a wet day. The rain was on the river and the rain was on the street. The patient fellows whose task it is to urge cumbrous, sulky barges down stream with a gigantic oar, had sacks about their shoulders and great boots—at any rate, those who were lucky enough to possess such luxuries—up to their knees. The cabmen, waterproofed from head to foot, sat stolidly on their boxes and watched the doorway of the great hotel. The little horses, hoping against hope, plunged their noses yet deeper into the bags. There was nobody at hand to tighten the strap as the food grew low, and they were compelled, therefore, to resort to the old expedient of tossing the bag aloft and catching as much as possible of the stuff that fell. One wondered how they contrived to keep it out of their eyes. The policeman at the corner, his back against the wall of the hotel, moved never an inch. He knew, of past experience, that he stood on the one spot that the rain, when the wind was in that particular quarter, could not reach. Whoo-o-o-o! My windows, heaven knows how many years old, rattled in their grooves, and the rain, angrily demanding admission, hammered and hammered at the window-panes. I laughed, for I knew that I was snug and safe. From earliest childhood, I have always loved a pouring wet day.

#### A Determined Challenge.

Suddenly, on the stairs without, I heard the sound of feet that stumbled. This meant, as I knew, the approach of a stranger; strangers always stumble on my dark, crooked stairway. A messenger, maybe, from some impatient Editor. Came next a thumping of bare knuckles on the panel of the outer door. There is a knocker, but nobody ever uses it, for the very good reason that they cannot see it. I opened the door, and then stepped back in some surprise. My visitor was an old lady, whose wise, wet face was covered with smiles. She seemed to care nothing for the drops of rain that trickled down her nose and cheeks.

"You don't remember me," she said.

"I've seen you somewhere," I replied, "and my recollections of you are altogether pleasant; but, just for the moment—However, come in, and take off that damp cloak. I'm just going to make some tea."

She came in, and threw back her hood. Then at last I recognised her.

"Why!" I cried, "it's Dame Nature!"

"I'm not annoyed," she explained, sweetly enough. "Men are never so quick to recognise me as women."

I pondered, as I brewed the tea, on the proper retort to this determined challenge.

I Score a Point, "You mean," I suggested, "that men are more artificial than women?"

"Exactly," crooned the Dame, helping herself to hot toast.

"That is not the general opinion, you know."

"A fig for the general opinion! (No sugar or milk, I thank you.) What should I care for the general opinion? People invariably base their opinions on their own experience and observation. Would you compare such knowledge to the knowledge of Nature? Remember that I have been in existence since the beginning of the world, young man, and that is why I know that men are a mass of artificiality." With an indignant snatch she secured another piece of toast.

"In that case," I argued, "can you tell me why it is that, in a breach-of-promise case, a juryman is unconsciously swayed by the prettiness, the helplessness, and the youth of the plaintiff? I am quoting from an article by a distinguished lady writer."

By KEBLE HOWARD. ("Chicot.")

"That is probably true," she admitted, "but I am not contending that men are artificial to the core."

"You used the word 'mass,'" I murmured.

"In the heat of the moment. You are all natural enough at the core, both men and women."

And Lose Ten.

"At the core," she continued, "men are morally braver than women. A man is generally prepared to take consequences in matters of moral extremity. In smaller matters, he shirks responsibility. A woman, on the other hand, loves small responsibilities, but, as a rule, dreads great ones. For instance, if a wife accuses her husband of flirting, idly, with another woman, he denies it. If a husband accuses his wife of flirting, idly, with another man, she laughs and says, 'Well, why shouldn't I? There's no harm in it.' Again, if a wife accuses her husband of being seriously in love with another woman, he will, in the end, admit it. But if a husband accuses his wife of being seriously in love with another man, she will deny it and deny it again and again, and then run away with the other man. Another cup of tea, if you please."

"And yet you say that men are more artificial than women?"

"Bless the creature, yes! You hide your feelings, don't you? You are ashamed of your tears. You daren't wear colours, because you are afraid of attracting attention. You pretend not to care when you hurt yourselves, or when you lose at cards. You laugh when a smart thing is said at a dinner-table, whether it appeals to your sense of humour or not. Oh, if I wanted to bore you, I could give you a thousand instances."

Side-Saddles Settled. "Anyhow," I said, pretty feebly, "we don't ride side-saddle."

She had me by the throat—metaphorically—in a second.

"Simply because it's never been expected of you. You don't imagine that any woman really wants to ride side-saddle, do you?"

"I thought, perhaps, a few might."

"Then you thought wrong. Some of them think they do, and that's as much as your contention's worth. When I made men and women as they are, and horses, and donkeys, and mules, and camels and the rest as they are, I arranged it so that the beast should follow his nose, and the rider, gripping with the legs, should keep a look-out ahead for pitfalls and enemies. Very well, then. By slow degrees pitfalls and enemies became fewer, and skirts became longer and more elaborate. Then some idiotic man suggested to his wife—probably his chief wife—that she would look much nicer if she sat on the beast sideways. The poor dear did as she was told, and hence side-saddles. But the horses, and the donkeys, and the mules, and the camels, you will notice, still follow their noses. They don't move in a sidelong direction because the silly rider sits that way. That seems to settle the question, doesn't it?"

"Absolutely," I gasped.

"Dame Nature's" "May I have a cigarette?" asked the Dame suddenly.  
Real Age. "Do!" And I handed her the box.

"Why are you surprised?"

"Am I surprised? I don't know why I should be. Most of the ladies I know smoke, I'm glad to say."

"But not the old ones, eh?" She laughed.

"Well," I stammered, "it's more common among girls, isn't it?"

"What would you say if I told you that I am not so old as I look? What would you say if I told you that, in reality, I am young and rather beautiful, but that I visit you in this shape to avoid compromising you?"

"I should say," I replied, "that I should love to be compromised."



"JUST SWEET"—IN ANY KIND OF HAT.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS IN FOUR "CREATIONS" IN "THE BEAUTY OF BATH."

*Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.*



## THE CLUBMAN.

*Soldier Cookery at the Exhibition — "Any Complaints?" — A Hint to the Frontiersmen — A Persecuted Cook — Village Cookery Exhibitions.*

I AM one of those people who think that though cookery is woman's work, man is all the better armed for his journey through life if he can, at a pinch, cook his own food and make it appetising instead of the reverse. Therefore, I have always been interested in soldier cookery, and I spent some time last week in the Cookery Exhibition at Westminster, watching the soldier-cooks in their competition. I can look back, more than thirty years, to the time when the soldier's midday meal consisted either of dry bits of baked meat, heaped on an iron tray with some potatoes in one corner, or of a stew, in which pieces of fat and gristle always seemed to be uppermost. The orderly man of the room used to divide the meat amongst the mess, and the recruits often enough got little more than some watery soup or a large bit of bone. A great piece of bread, which each man kept on the shelf above his bed next to his clothes, his pipe-clay box, his oil-bottle, and his blacking-tin, completed the tale of the man's food for the day.

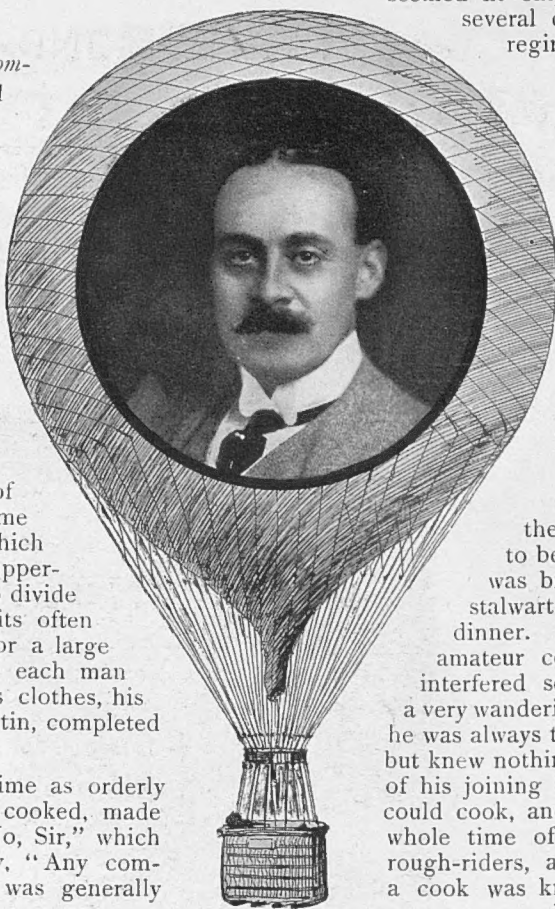
Often, going round the rooms at dinner-time as orderly officer, the smell of the rough food, roughly cooked, made me wonder at the sonorous and contented "No, Sir," which always, or nearly always, answered the query, "Any complaints?" When the men did complain it was generally about something very trifling indeed, or something quite ridiculous. I remember one day on which the mutton at the early-morning inspection of meat was "cast" as being too poor, and the quartermaster was ordered to buy what he could to replace it. My company got a liberal supply of tinned beef and some very excellent fresh tongues. But the men knew that there had been trouble over the meat and were suspicious. At dinner time that day I found the company eating nothing, but all sitting with empty plates before them, looking at three boiled tongues smoking in a tin dish. The usual formula, "Beg pardon, Sir, this 'ere ain't fit for yewman food," was spoken by the orderly man, and, in answer to my queries, I was told that it didn't look much like baked mutton, which ought to have been the dish of the day. My explanation that it looked very like good boiled tongue, which had been substituted, was considered thoroughly satisfactory, and the men fell to at once. Thomas Atkins is in some ways just as childish as any child.

But to return to my subject of the soldier cookery competition at the Exhibition. Some ten infantry regiments, mostly Guards, and a cavalry regiment had sent their white-clad, white-capped cooks to compete, and they turned out a selection of soup, fish, meat, puddings and tarts which would not have been out of place as the "house dinner" of a club which prided itself on giving its members good plain English fare. Thirty years have transformed the soldier's food from stuff which

seemed fit only for the hog-tub into a really good meal of several courses. I was glad to see that a Volunteer regiment had entered for the competition.

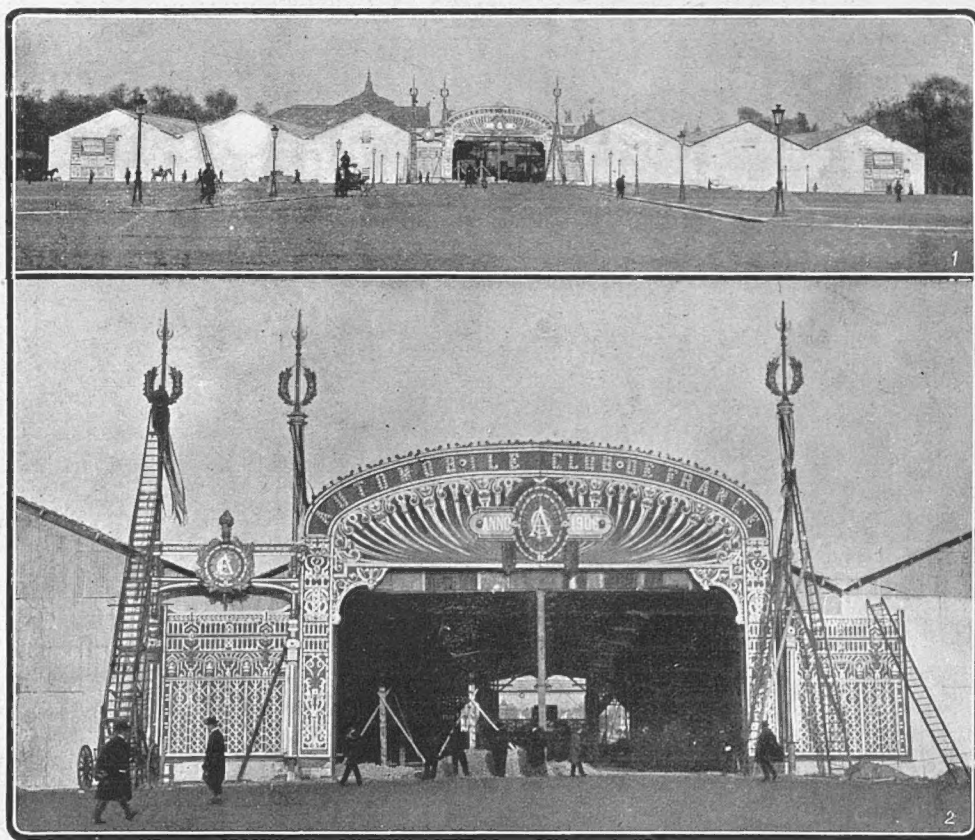
May I suggest to that enterprising and picturesque body, the League of Frontiersmen, that they would be doing good work if they took up the subject of camp cookery, either in connection with the Cookery Exhibition or as an enterprise of their own? Every Frontiersman ought to know how to cook a beast or a bird after he has shot it, and a competition of camp cookery at the Botanical Gardens, or even in the hall at Vincent's Square, might be made very picturesque. Act I. would be—The return of the Frontiersman from the chase; Act II.—He cooks his dinner; Act III.—He eats it, with the assistance of spectators who have paid a shilling for the privilege.

The scarcity of men who can cook amongst the roving, dare-devil type of Englishmen who are to be found wherever there is danger and adventure was brought home to me the other day by a fine, stalwart young Briton who sat next to me at a club dinner. He confided to me that he is an enthusiastic amateur cook, but went on to say that this fact had interfered seriously with him in all his undertakings in a very wandering and adventurous life. Whatever he became, he was always told off to cook. He had been a gold-miner, but knew nothing of washing or placer work, for the first day of his joining his party of miners it was discovered that he could cook, and he had to do nothing but cook during the whole time of the expedition. He had joined a corps of rough-riders, and yearned to smell powder. His fame as a cook was known to the corps before he joined it, and instead of trying to cook the enemy's goose, he grilled chops and boiled coffee for his corps through a whole campaign. Had the other miners and rough-riders been grounded in the elements of cookery, it would not have been necessary to sacrifice one of their number by tying him to the steak, and my pleasant neighbour at dinner would not have thought it necessary to regard his very useful accomplishment as a guilty thing to be confided under a vow of secrecy.



FROM WANDSWORTH TO THE LAKE OF GENEVA BY BALLOON: MR. LESLIE BUCKNALL, WHO ACCOMPLISHED A BALLOON JOURNEY OF 420 MILES LAST WEEK.

Mr. Bucknall, who was accompanied by Mr. Perceval Spencer, started from the grounds of the Wandsworth and Putney Gas Company, and descended at Nevy, a village on the River Loup, near the Lake of Geneva. The distance covered was 420 miles, and the time taken sixteen hours.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]



1. A RECORD MOTOR SHOW IN THE MAKING: CONSTRUCTING BUILDINGS FOR THE FORTHCOMING MOTOR EXHIBITION IN PARIS.  
2. A TRIUMPHAL ARCH SPECIALLY BUILT TO MARK THE APPROACH TO THE FORTHCOMING MOTOR SHOW IN PARIS.

The show is to be held in the Grand Palais and numerous annexes. It opens on Friday.

Photograph by L. Tresca.

One competition at the Cookery Exhibition deserves to be widely copied—a competition for the best-cooked dinner for an artisan's family of four people, the cost of the meal to be a shilling. Anyone who happens to go into country cottages at meal-times knows the waste and misuse of material which is the rule and not the exception when the wife who has had no training in cookery prepares the dinner. An exhibition of plain-cooked dinners is not a pretty sight, but if prize-giving were established on a liberal scale, village industrial exhibitions, comprising cookery, would do more good than flower-shows, and the girls who have learned simple cookery at school would be encouraged to keep their knowledge bright and their hand light. An Irish M.P., pleading for the instruction of children in cookery in the Emerald Isle, once told his brother legislators that "God made the country, but the devil made the cooks," and this, I am afraid, applies to the other countries of the Union as well as Ireland.



The I.L.N.



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

The I.L.N.



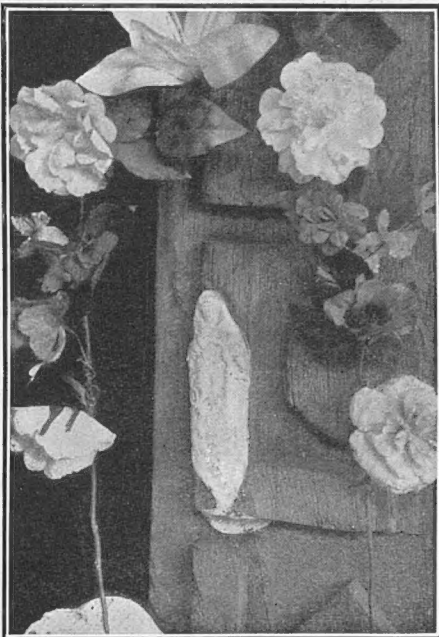
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same risk.

Dec. 5, 1906.

Signature.....





## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE KING is enjoying a well-earned holiday at Sandringham, entertaining small parties of our more noted sportsmen, and enjoying those amenities of country life which have always meant so much to him and to the Queen. It was once said by one of their Majesties' French guests that had any of France's successive royal rulers lived such an existence, for even a few weeks of each year, as that led by King Edward and Queen

Alexandra in their Norfolk home, that country would still be a kingdom! Certain it is that at Sandringham his Majesty has opportunities of seeing, and at very close quarters, all those types of Englishmen and Englishwomen who build up our mighty Empire at home and abroad, and on many occasions the King has publicly expressed his close sympathy with the ambitions and interests of country-folk—squire, farmer, and labourer.

### A Royal Biography.

The King and Queen have taken special interest in "The Private Life of the Duke of Cambridge," and there are many glimpses of their Majesties to be found in both volumes. Dr. Sheppard, the Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal, has performed a by no means easy task with courage as well as distinction, and he makes the fine old Royal Duke who was for so long official chief of our Army live again in the memory of those who knew him. Especially tactful are those passages dealing

with the Duke and his morganatic marriage; how deeply his Royal Highness was attached to the beautiful and gifted woman who became "Mrs. FitzGeorge" is made clear by extracts from the royal diaries, the account of her death being deeply pathetic.

### A Naval Peer Engaged.

The engagement of Commander Lord Ellenborough and Miss Hermione Schenley arouses interest both in political and in naval circles, for the Peer whose title recalls the name of one of India's great administrators saw a good deal of active service as a naval officer. Like most men who have led an active out-of-door life, the coming Benedick looks much younger than he is, but he was regarded as a confirmed bachelor. His marriage will add a charming Peeress to the great world.

### The King of the Savoyards.

It is a toss-up which is the dearer to Mr. W. S. Gilbert—the Savoy, where his successes first faced the music, or Græme's Dyke, where they were for the most part cradled. Be that as it may, the atmosphere of the librettist's home is now, as ever, very much the atmosphere of the theatre. There you have the identical model of "H.M.S. Pinafore," there the model of many a scene in the delightful operas which have made the collaboration of Gilbert and Sullivan—immortal, may one say?—"W.S.G." is eminently a clubbable man, but he loves the home which was built to gladden the heart of the man of whom he bought it—the late Frederick Goodall, R.A. There, although everywhere you may catch an operatic echo in the house, he lives the life of the country squire. He has his prize cattle, his pigs—which are many and almost as many in breed as in number—his horses, his poultry, his dogs; and indoors, as privileged companions, his lemur, his parrots—profane and poetic—and other small deer, furred and feathered. When he is not at home and the weather is propitious, he is away on his yacht, if congenial company be available. Otherwise you will find him flitting about the country in the neatest and swiftest of motor-cars, with the merriest of companions aboard.

### A Novelty in Fortunes.

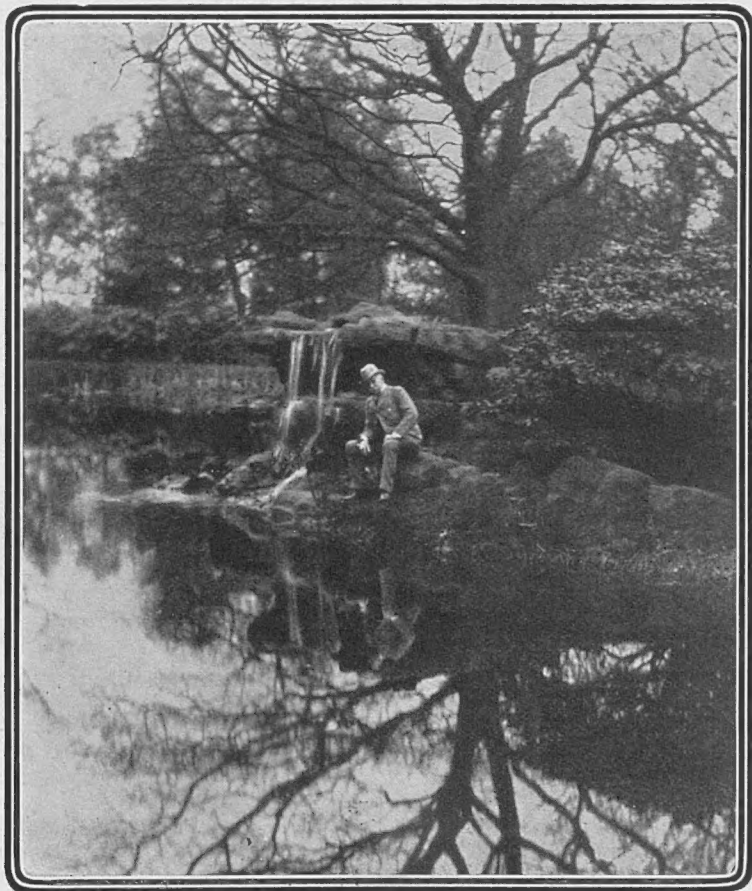
Many curious stories have recently been told of the manner in which men came by the estates from which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has had rare pickings in death duties. Princely sums go every year out of Covent Garden to a family whose fortunes were founded in manner stranger than any of which we have had record. A man with the proverbial sixpence in his pocket turned up one day in the strawberry-growing country, worked as a day-man, saved money, and designed and built machines for agricultural purposes. When the Franco-German War broke out he went across the Channel with the strangest cargo. He took with him simply a traction-engine. He settled in the theatre of war. He hauled and he ploughed; he buried dead men, and caused rich corn to grow above their graves. He made his fortune on the fields which the contending armies had ensanguined. Then he came home, settled in Kent, bought land and prospered, and to-day his family is one of the biggest fruit-producing corporations in the country.



THE ACTRESS WHO, IT IS SAID, CAUSED PRINCE JOACHIM ALBRECHT OF PRUSSIA TO BE ORDERED TO SOUTH WEST AFRICA.

Some while ago it was announced that Prince Joachim Albrecht of Prussia, son of the late Regent of Brunswick, was to marry Miss Marie Sulzer, the popular Berlin actress, and that that lady had paid an Austrian nobleman to marry her (on the condition that the moment she had the right to hold his name he should give cause for divorce) in order that she might be of such rank that her marriage with the Prince would be socially possible. A few days later came the statement that the Prince had been ordered to the Field Force in South West Africa, and this is believed to have been a move of the Kaiser's to prevent the proposed wedding. Prince Albrecht arrived at Antwerp on his way to Africa last week.

Photograph by Ullstein and Co.



THE REVIVAL OF THE FAMOUS GILBERT AND SULLIVAN RÉGIME AT THE SAVOY: MR. W. S. GILBERT IN THE GARDEN OF HIS HOME, GRÆME'S DYKE.

The Savoy is due to reopen on Saturday evening next with "The Yeomen of the Guard." This will be presented for a limited number of weeks, and will be followed by the "Gondoliers" and other operas of the series. Later still, the pieces will be played in repertoire fashion—that is to say, a change will be made nightly.

Photograph supplied by Bolak.



### The Gift of Duff House.

The Duke of Fife, who has presented his ancestral home, Duff House, to the neighbouring towns of Banff and Macduff, has spent little time there since he was married. The Princess Royal and his Grace prefer their residence at Mar Lodge, on Deeside, about a dozen miles above Balmoral. Here they reside for several months every autumn, in the seclusion of Highland scenery. The towns of Banff and Macduff, the one a county town and the other a commercial and fishing place, are separated by a bay of the Moray Firth and by the River Deveron. By the road which crosses the river at the entrance to the Duff House grounds they are only about a mile apart. There is keen rivalry between them. Banff society looks down upon Macduff trade, and Macduff regards Banff as slow.

young daughters of France were becoming professionals in some particular line, for never have they sung or painted or written or composed with greater ardour than they do at present. We know young women who have hardly time to take their meals, simply because they are so closely wedded to the arts. Yet, living at home and possessed of fortunes, they have no real need to work. It is simply that feminine strenuousness is in the air. Even when engaged in the old-fashioned pursuit of match-making woman is much more energetic than she used to be. Bachelors are shepherded up with a relentless vigour. Balls and dinner-parties succeed each other with dazzling rapidity. If the young person does not get married, it is not the fault of the energetic modern match-maker.

### Colossal Catastrophes in China.

Someone has said that if by pressing a button we could kill a mandarin in Peking, all London would be struggling to get at the button. China is so remote from our islands that we do not appreciate the significance of the colossal catastrophes which periodically overtake her. At the present moment she has ten million people on the verge of starvation, owing to the immense floods in North Kiangsu. Who realises that nearly as many people died in China less than twenty years ago when the great Yellow River burst its bonds? How many really were swept to destruction we can never tell, but this

### THE HON. MRS. RALPH CAMPBELL, WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE ON SATURDAY LAST.

The wedding of Miss Marjorie Fowler and Major the Hon. Ralph Campbell took place at Holy Trinity, Brompton, on Saturday. Major Campbell is the third son of Lord Cawdor, and served in South Africa as Adjutant to Lovat's Scouts.

Photograph by Langhler.

### WINNER OF THE £8000 NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE: SIGNOR GIOSUÈ CARDUCCI.

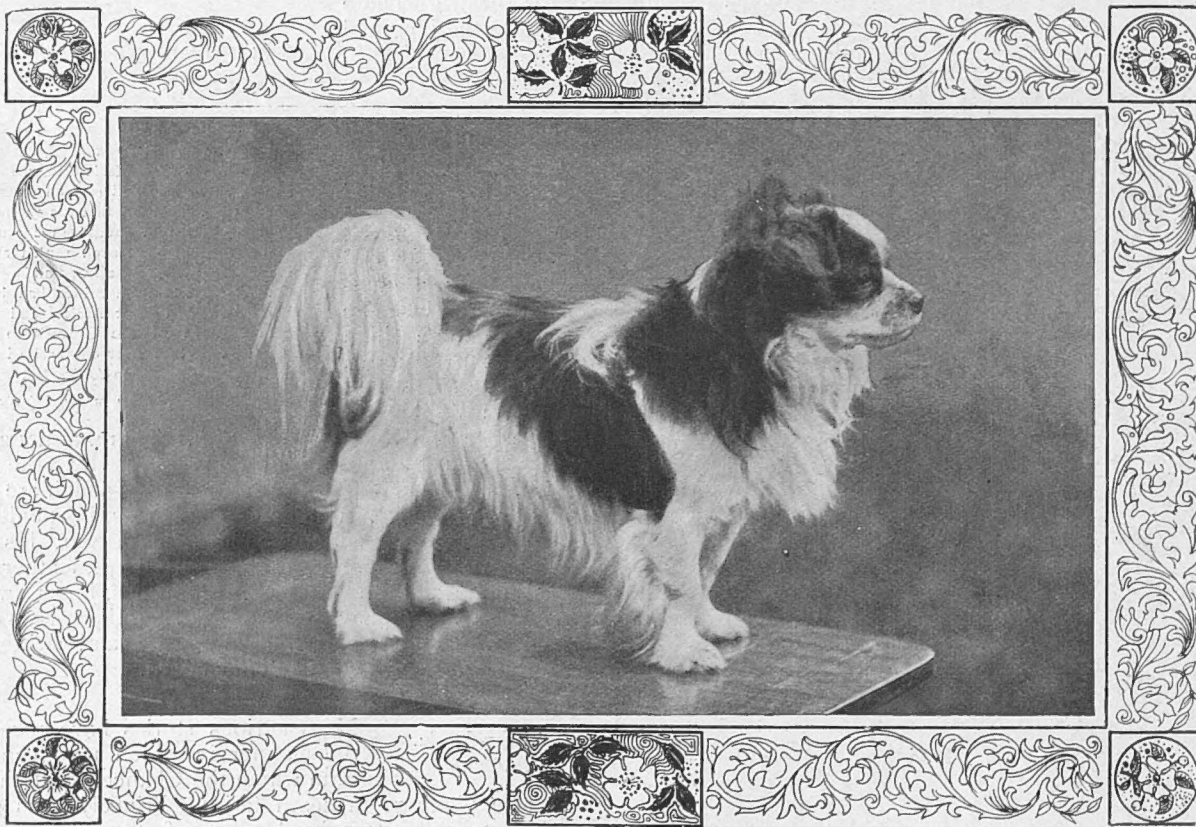
Signor Carducci is generally recognised as Italy's greatest living poet, and is celebrated for his "Odi Barbare," written in Horatian metres. He was born in 1836, and held the Chair of Literature at the University of Bologna for forty years.

Photograph by Adolfo Croce.

He has, however, sold his Morayshire estate, 40,959 acres, his Forfarshire estate, 4837 acres, and also to tenants who made offers a number of holdings on his Banffshire and Aberdeenshire properties. His landed property is still, however, very valuable. It is managed with great care, prudence, and enlightenment. The Duke is himself an able man of business and selects capable factors. He is a partner in the banking house of Sir Samuel Scott and Co. It is said that the Duke is called Macduff in royal circles.

### Strenuous Woman.

Feminism rages at this moment in France. Every young woman wants to be up and doing. "La femme coquette" has become famous. Presently we shall see the driver, divinely fair, conducting an attenuated steed, harnessed to a ramshackle sapin, over the roads of Paris. When the policeman holds up his white bâton as a sign that the traffic has got to stop, the lady coachman will simply smile at him and pass on. So that when you are in a hurry to catch your train at the Gare de Lyon or the Gare du Nord, you had best take the feminine "taximeter." That concerns one stratum of society. In the higher circles woman also is intensely active. You would imagine that all the



A LHASA SPANIEL: LHASA, WHO MARCHED FROM THE FORBIDDEN CITY WITH THE TIBET EXPEDITION.

Lhasa was once the pet of a Tibetan lady of high rank, and was brought from the Forbidden City by an officer of the Tibet Expedition. The little dog soon became the regimental mascot, and accompanied the force everywhere. He covered the whole distance on foot, except when he became so much like a snowball that he had to be carried. He is very much like the Pekinese spaniel in shape and size, but, belonging to the true race of Tibetan spaniels, his nose is not flattened. He was shown at the Crystal Palace recently by Mrs. Frank Wormald.

Photograph by J. Worsnop, Rothbury.

more than the combined populations of Canada and Australia are supposed to have perished, the tragedy aroused less interest and excitement in England than the destruction here of a railway-train would occasion.

we do know, that for two months the river poured from its source among the clouds over the villages which line its banks. For two months the flood carried death and destruction with it. That flood has been likened to the outpouring of five Danubes, cast down from the heights. Throwing out rivers in all directions, it had for its centre a stream thirty miles broad and ten feet deep, and it coursed along at a rate of twenty miles an hour. Before it disappeared three thousand villages, peopled by millions and millions of human beings. Yet, though





THE FIRST WHITE WOMAN TO CROSS AFRICA: MME. CABRA  
IN HER TRAVELLING-DRESS.

*The First White  
Woman to Cross  
Africa.*

It has been left to Madame Cabra, the courageous wife of one of the leading officers of the Belgian Army, to give yet another instance of woman's endurance, daring, and achievement, for she has just arrived at Brussels after eighteen months' adventurous travel and experience in journeying across the Dark Continent. Madame Cabra left Belgium early last year with Commandant Cabra for Dar-es-Salaam, in German East Africa, travelling thence through Zanzibar, Mombasa, and Entebbe. From the capital of Uganda she and her husband went to Lake Albert and to Mahaji, crossed the Ruwenzori Range, so recently exploited by the Duke d'Abruzzi, and took several weeks in journeying down the Congo River to the coast. Madame Cabra adopted the rational dress (in which she is seen in her photograph) for her travels through the uncivilised wilds. Upon her return to Belgium last month she received quite an ovation.

*The New Servian  
Minister.*

Rarely indeed does this country break off diplomatic relations with a neighbour unless war is on the point of being declared. The British Government, with the sympathy of all right-minded people, so acted, however, in the case of Servia, after the murder of King Alexander and Queen Draga. Now these important relations have been resumed, and the London Diplomatic Corps is giving a special welcome to Doctor Militchvitch, the new Servian Minister. This distinguished man was for some time at Berlin in a similar capacity; he has the confidence of his royal master, King Peter, and doubtless he will do all in his power to promote a really good understanding between Servia and England.



AN AMBASSADOR WHO IS LIKELY TO BE  
KEPT BUSY: DR. MILITCHEVITCH, THE  
NEW SERVIAN MINISTER TO THIS COUNTRY.

Photograph by F. O. Lundt.

Majesty observes significantly that she is King Charles's only nurse, and that she means to remain so. Our own Queen and the late Princess Alice attended King Edward through his terrible illness thirty-six years ago, and even now, when the skilful trained nurse has become an institution in palace and cottage, royal ladies generally take a very active part in the nursing of their loved ones. The

Queen of Roumania's letter will remain as an eloquent and most touching tribute to her husband's heroic patience under suffering. King Charles and Queen Elizabeth have many links with this country, the chief of these being, of course, the fact that their heir-nephew is married to our Sovereign's beautiful niece, Princess Marie of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. "Carmen Sylva" has paid many visits to England, and she is very conversant with our literature and music. That the royal poet is not deficient in a sense of humour was shown by the signature of the now famous letter, "Doctor Carmen Sylva, House Physician and Qualified Nurse."

*The New  
Viscountess.*

The new Lady Hampden will be a very pleasing and ornamental addition to the comparatively small group of Viscountesses. She is the eldest daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch, and her marriage to the then Captain Brand took place in the spring of 1899, just before the outbreak of the South African War. Like so many of that year's brides, Lady Katherine had to speed her bridegroom to the Front, and their little son and heir was born before his gallant father's return from the seat of war. The new Lady Hampden is a very pretty and distinguished-looking woman; through her mother she is "a handsome Hamilton," and she has many intellectual tastes.

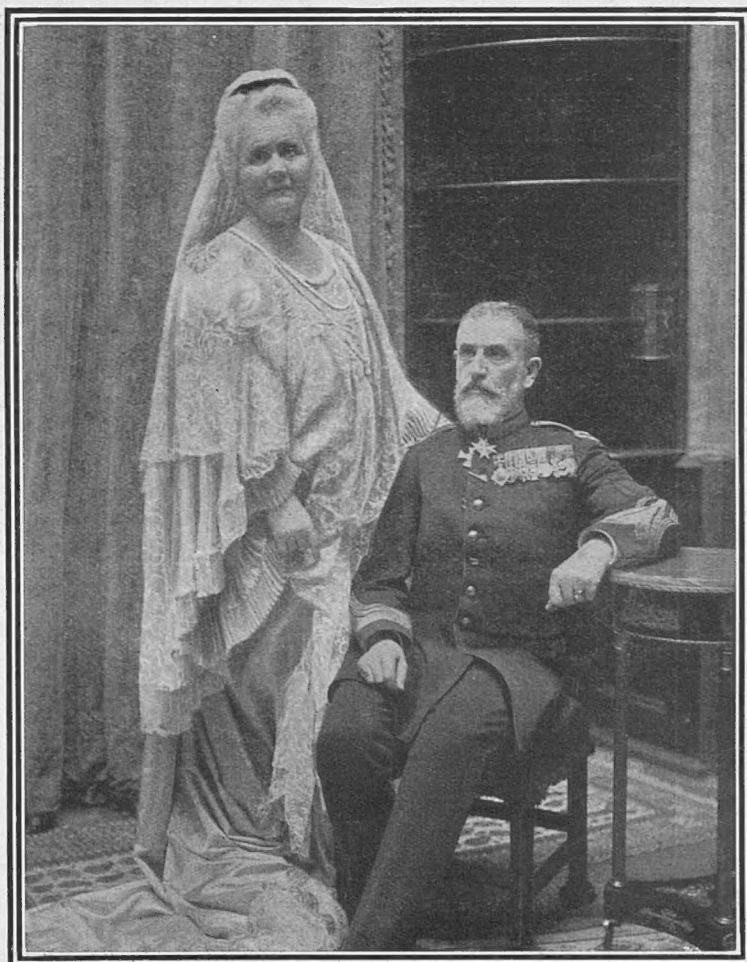


A NEW VISCOUNTESS: LADY HAMPDEN.

Photograph by Thomson.

*Mummies While  
You Wait.*

Now that the Mexicans are so rapidly advancing that they must needs have Western beds on which to lie, the thought occurs that they may find it desirable to alter their method of committing dead friends to their final rest. In some parts of Mexico, notably Guanajuato, they can mummify a body while you wait, so to speak. The soil possesses certain properties which have the effect of rapidly reducing the flesh to the consistency of parchment. In her book on the country, Mrs. Alec Tweedie has described the process and given us a photograph of a corridor of mummies. It is surely one of the most gruesome pictures ever published. There they stand, the mummies of people recently living—the men on one side, the women on the other, bolt upright, supported by the walls. People go in and identify them. The guide was asked if he knew any of the figures. "Si, Señora," was the reply; "the third on the right is my grandfather!"



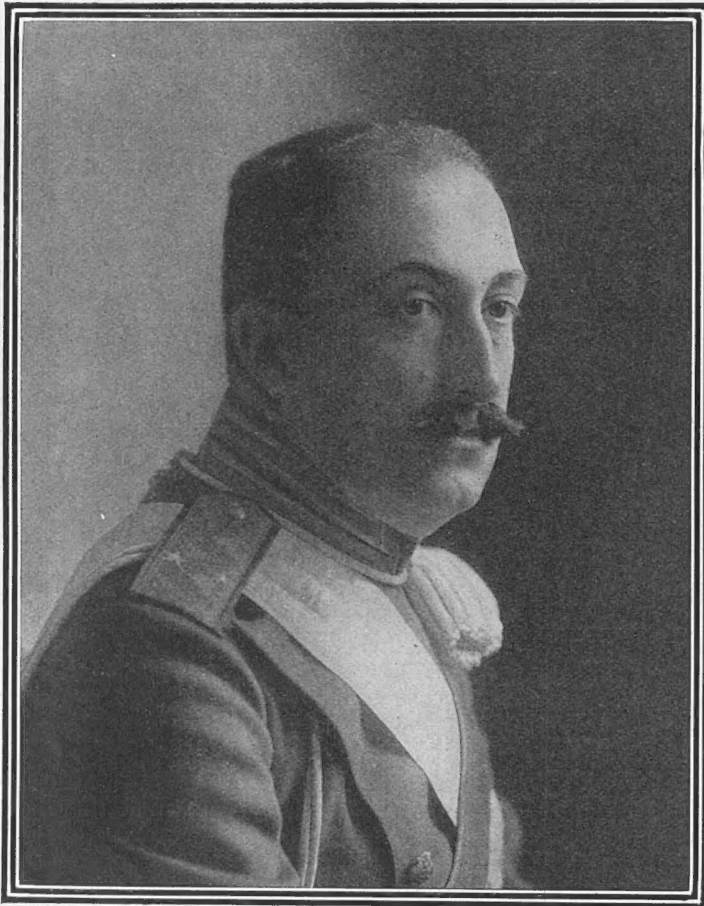
"DR. CARMEN SYLVA" AND HER HUSBAND, THE KING OF ROUMANIA

Photograph by F. Mandy.





## OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



A PRINCE WHO DEALS IN HERRINGS: PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON MURAT, SOLE AGENT FOR A NEW SCOTCH SYNDICATE.

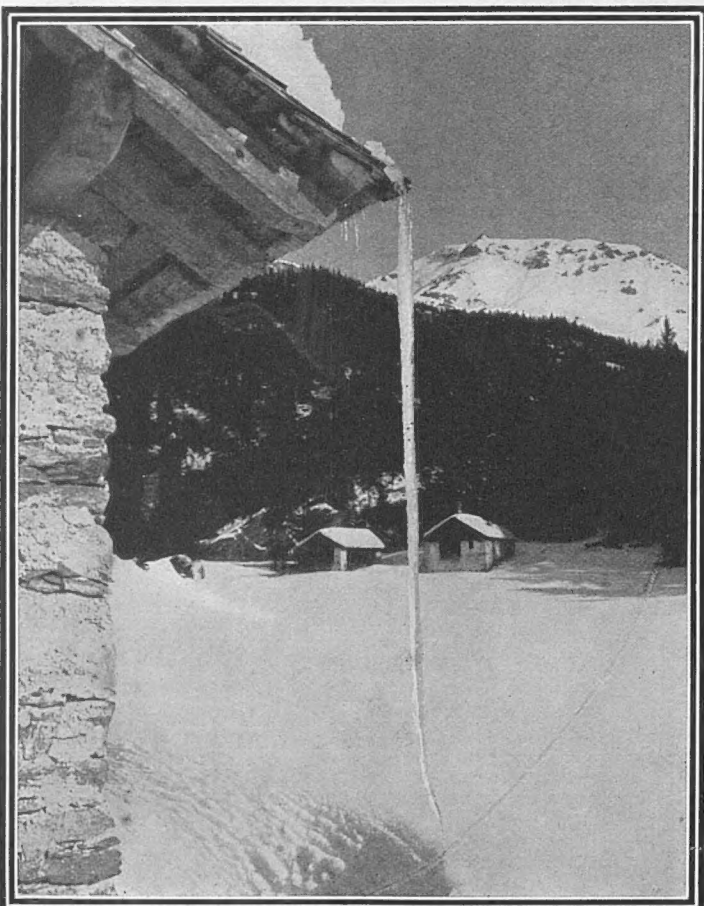
Certain enterprising Scotch merchants have opened a market for Yarmouth herrings in the Caucasus, and have already sent several experimental shipments. Prince Louis Napoleon Murat has been appointed sole agent to the syndicate, and report has it that he is working his hardest and using all his influence to advance the interests of the new trade. Doubtless the very idea of being served by a Prince will help the sale of the herrings. If so, the Scotch syndicate is undoubtedly "canny."



A TELEGRAM-PORTRAIT OF THE KAISER: A PHOTOGRAPH OF HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY TELEGRAPHED BY THE KORN METHOD.

As we note under our page bearing the heading "The Korn Cure for Vanity," Professor Korn, of Munich, has invented a method of sending photographs by wire. The reproduction here given shows a photograph actually sent by this method. A larger reproduction of a photograph sent by wire, together with full details of the invention, is published in the current number of the *Illustrated London News*.

*Photograph by Henri Manuel.*



WHEN THE FROST KING REIGNS SUPREME: A GIANT ICICLE HANGING FROM THE ROOF OF A HUT.

Wherever there is snow and a little warmth to thaw it the icicle will have its being, but it is seldom that it reaches so great a size as in the instance given in our photograph. It may be interesting, by the way, to note a dictionary's formal definition of an icicle: "a pendent mass of ice tapering downwards to a point, formed by the freezing of drops of water or other liquid flowing down from the place of attachment." So is the commonplace lent dignity.—[Photograph by Will Cadby.]



A PERFECT DECREE—FOR BAD ACTORS: THE HOTEL DE PIERRE, TOULOUSE, WHERE BOOING AND HISSING ARE FORBIDDEN.

Toulouse should become the paradise of the indifferent actor. The mayor of that city has just issued an edict laying down the rules to be observed during performances at the Hotel de Pierre. "All noises," this edict runs, "which may cause a disturbing impression upon the actors, are strictly forbidden, among such reprehensible sounds being hissing, booing, applause of a provocative kind, remarks made in a loud voice, and sonorous yawns."



THE KORN CURE FOR VANITY—NOT SENT 1000 MILES.



A PHOTOGRAPH OF "CARLOTTA" AS IT WOULD APPEAR IF SENT BY WIRE FROM ALEXANDRETTA TO LONDON.

Our illustration shows how photographs of popular actresses would appear if sent along telegraph wires by the method discovered by Professor Korn, of Munich. This method is admirably illustrated in the current number of the *Illustrated London News*, which made special efforts to deal with the subject in exceptionally full and lucid manner. Our illustration does not profess to have been sent by wire. We have merely imitated exactly the real thing, in order that our readers may see how the portraits of popular favourites would look if sent by wire. A large photograph actually sent by Professor Korn's method is included among the illustrations of the subject in the current *Illustrated London News*. We wonder whether our actresses will prefer this method to the present one of sending by post. We fear that it will not appeal to their vanity (a remark for which we offer due apologies).

*Photograph of Miss Alexandra Carlisle by the Dover Street Studios; Treatment by "The Sketch."*





By ERNEST A. BRYANT

**Back from the Land.**

Holding example better than precept, several well-known men of letters have of late years gone "back to the land." One, the managing editor of two of the brightest papers in London, has done, and is doing, splendidly. Others have not even gained qualified success. One held out for a year, then sold up and came back to town. Another is looking for a customer for five-and-twenty of the best of acres. A rolling, genial nomad, who is on speaking terms with most peoples, nations, and languages, had his nest where "turkeys and ships" yield fodder and fleece; but he is again putting a West London heading on his notepaper. The most convinced enthusiast of the band has just had "paid" put to the account which his rural experiences have cost him. He has come back to town convinced that agriculturists live upon their losses. The only things which paid him were chickens—in the egg. He had a fire which destroyed a potential family of poultry, and the incubator happened to be insured.

**An Imperial Blunder.**

The Bishop of Truro, who is to be enthroned to-morrow, will doubtless have been careful to look over his letters-patent. Even into documents so important as these error has been known to creep. When Selwyn was appointed first Colonial Bishop, he, and everybody else, thought that he was to be Bishop of New Zealand. So he was, and more; a clerical hand had strayed in making out the letters-patent, and he found himself responsible not only for New Zealand, but the Pacific Islands. Whether the mistake could have been rectified is for ecclesiastical authorities to say. Selwyn did not ask; he took up his added burden with that which he had rightfully to carry. To atone for the blunder of the clerk he had to acquire knowledge of practical seamanship, to enable him to become his own sailing-master and scour the stormy or other seas. Six years elapsed before he was able to visit the islands' flocks which should not have been his; but he did visit them, and did rare work for their benefit.

**Foiling the Bishop.**

The appointment of the Bishops to-day proceeds more smoothly than when Lord Melbourne, opening his paper at breakfast, used to grumble, "D—— it! Another Bishop dead," and write to Lord John Russell denouncing "that devil of a Bishop," by whom he meant Dr. Philpotts. But he was not the only giant of his age who employed strong language concerning their Lordships. A clergyman seeking preferment begged the Bishop of London to give him an introduction to Lord Chancellor Thurlow. The Bishop said that the Chancellor hated him so much that an introduction from him would defeat the very object sought. Still, as the clergyman persisted,

he consented and wrote the introduction. "So that—scoundrel the Bishop of London has given you an introduction," said his Amiability. "As it is he who has introduced you, you certainly will not get the living." "That is just what the Bishop said, my Lord," meekly answered the applicant. "Oh, he did, did he?" roared Thurlow. "Then he's a—liar, and I'll prove him so. You *shall* have the living." And the clergyman got it.

**A Lunatic Doctor.**

The manner in which he set the broken leg of a comrade recently proved a worker in a Lancashire industrial concern to be a doctor. But we must not on this account take too much on trust. There is another side of the question. Some years ago an elderly lady, wife of a prosperous tradesman in Exeter, swallowed a fish-bone, and was in danger of choking. Assistants were sent from the shop, flying hither and thither to summon a doctor, and the old lady's life was in serious danger. The excitement attracted to the shop a man who entered in businesslike fashion, brushed aside the excited throng by which the lady was surrounded, and set to work. He blew in her nostrils, he smacked her cheeks, then, seizing her nose between his teeth, he wrung it so violently from side to side that on-lookers almost feared that he would sever it from her face. In her agony the old lady coughed with such violence that she ejected the bone from her throat. Then those who had watched closed round the doctor to thank him. As they did so, two breathless men dashed into the shop and seized him. They were keepers at the Exeter lunatic asylum; the "doctor" was a dangerous madman who had just escaped.

**The Suffragettes' Paradise.**

Ethnologists must be awaiting with impatience fuller details of the new people whom explorers have discovered farthest north. Amazing discoveries have of late years been made among the Tchukchi tribe. They are supposed to be of the same family with the North American Indians. Their customs, however, place them on a plane of their own. There, if anywhere, should be the paradise of champions of women's rights. Men and women exchange rôles. At the behest of a pagan priest, a youth of sixteen will relinquish male attire, let his hair grow, and devote himself to female occupations. In due course he marries.

The representative of the sterner sex is the wife, so far as dress is concerned, the lady is the husband. Normally, the wife does all the work, but here the docile gentleman in petticoats undertakes the domestic duties, while the lady of the house swaggers round like a lord of empire.



WILL HE CAUSE THE CONSTRUCTION OF ANOTHER TRAMWAY SYSTEM? MASTER JOHNNY TRUNDLEY, THE FAT BOY OF PECKHAM.

Some while ago it was decided by the local medical officer that Johnny Trundley, the fat boy of Peckham, was in a fit state to be sent to a school for the mentally defective, and the problem has now arisen as to how he is to be got there. The divisional superintendent is asking what he shall do, "as he [the boy] is apparently not physically capable of walking the distance, that even to walk a distance of 200 yards causes the boy considerable physical pain, and it is not possible to reach the centre by tram or omnibus." Certain opponents of the methods of the reigning members of the London County Council cannot understand why that body, which has shown itself desirous of running trams from anywhere to everywhere, should hesitate to start a special service for their protégé.

Photograph by W. Davey.



AN IMPROMPTU KITCHEN: AN ARAB "BAKERY" ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF CAIRO.

Photograph by G. Fruehmann.

A traveller describes one of these male brides as a man with long hair and luxuriant moustache, shyly stitching in a corner, while the "husband" was a little masculine woman of middle age.



HURT IN THE HUNTING - FIELD.



THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT, WHO HAD A SEVERE FALL WHILE FOLLOWING  
THE BADMINTON HOUNDS THE OTHER DAY.

The Duchess's horse turned a somersault at a fence, and her Grace was severely shaken and badly cut about the face. The Duchess, who was married to the Duke in October 1895, is Louise Emily, daughter of the late W. H. Harford, D.L., and widow of Baron Carlo de Tuyll. She has three children, the youngest of whom, the Marquess of Worcester, was born in 1900.— [Photograph by Keturah Collings.]



## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By J. W.

"JULIE BONBON"—"THE NEW ALADDIN."

THERE have been complaints that it was unnecessary for America to send us such products as "Julie Bonbon," the new play at the Waldorf; that we can produce things just as bad in our own country, by our own unaided genius. This, however, is scarcely fair to "Julie Bonbon"; we never have had, and I do not think we ever can have, anything quite like it. In a way it is bad. It is simply a very hackneyed story, told without any saving grace of humour or sentiment or originality of treatment. It is as if the author, Miss Clara Lipman, had carefully adapted the story of "Caste" for the purposes of musical comedy, and then, by some unaccountable oversight, forgotten the music, and left her chorus with nothing to do but shout. But it is this very fact that gives the piece a curious and morbid interest. It represents a stage in the evolution of the drama which we in this country have not reached. We begin with plays. Tiring of them, we come next to a production whose main excuse is a running accompaniment

Obviously, all this is not even farce, but sheer musical comedy. There is, however, a story which emerges at intervals, and gives Miss Lipman two or three opportunities of showing her quality as an actress. The musical comedy passages she manages quite pleasantly, having a fine presence and a voice to which the criticism already made does not apply. The love-scenes she plays with sincerity (though sincerity is not very comfortably at home in such surroundings), and on two or three occasions—in the defiance of Mrs. Van Brunt, for instance, and in the scene in the third act, where a wild dance is meant to hide a breaking heart—she shows a real power in the expression of passionate emotion. But, as a matter of fact, everything that I have said up to this point is only by way of introduction. I have mentioned that the play has a morbid interest as being in itself a curiosity. It has a still more morbid interest in that it is the framework to Mr. Mann's performance of an old drunken Franco-American, Jean Poujol, and it is



"BEHIND THE SCENES" BEFORE AN AUDIENCE: THE CHORUS GIRLS' DRESSING-ROOM IN "THE CHORUS LADY," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE, NEW YORK.

"The Chorus Lady," a play in four acts, was recently produced at the Savoy Theatre, New York, with Miss Rose Stahl in the title-role.

Photograph by White, New York.

of choruses and songs. Finally, omitting the main excuse, we come to—"Julie Bonbon." As a strange new phenomenon, it will repay examination.

It opens in a milliner's shop. The scene is glaring and dazzling, but quite familiar. Four young milliners and three young men flit about, threatening at any moment to burst into song. Everything is clean-cut, strident, and businesslike, after the American fashion; the ladies' voices are also after the American fashion, and it is but an act of international courtesy to assume that they are painfully and, let us hope, intentionally exaggerated. Fashionable ladies come in and order hats; they bring in an air of comparative repose. An elderly roué invites everybody to a supper at a café called "Little Bohemia." They are all delighted to go. At the café in Act III. they are all there in fascinating frocks, noisier and more strident, if possible, than ever. They are assisted in this scene by a band and full chorus, it being realised that thirty can undoubtedly shout louder than ten. Proof of this was not necessary, but we are not allowed to take anything for granted. Hence we have revels—wild, mad revels, with here and there occasional glimpses of wit in some of the dialogue. In the heroine's boudoir, in the last act, behold them all again, cheerful and unsubdued: and uproar trumpet-tongued brings down the final curtain. I may be giving a slightly exaggerated idea, but that was the general impression left by the production.

probably by this performance that the play will stand or fall. Mr. Mann goes in for no half-measures. The creature, with its bow-legs, shambling gait, leering eyes, and bestial roar, is probably as near an approach to the ape as any man ever achieved. His most notable scene is one in which he believes himself alone in a room with drinks and cigars which he ought not to touch, and is continually interrupted by sounds he cannot understand. As a scientific study it is extraordinarily vivid; as a thing to be laughed at it is distinctly horrible, and it is to be hoped that public taste, in this country at any rate, will not appreciate this development of the art of acting. Still, the whole performance is remarkably clever.

After the mixed feelings inspired by "Julie Bonbon," one turns with a sigh of relief to the comparative restfulness of "The New Aladdin." The occasion of a second visit was the appearance of Miss Gertie Millar in the part of Lally. She plays the "principal boy" with spirit, and some suitable songs have been added for her benefit. Several other changes have been made which will probably appease those who raised objections on the first night. All the popular favourites, to whom must now be added Miss Gaby Deslys, are in great form. Mr. Alfred Lester has worked up "the Lost Constable" into one of the most genuinely humorous things the Gaiety has seen for a long time, and a most delightful little Scotch song is most delightfully sung by Miss Jean Aylwin, whose piquancy and cleverness should make her a musical-comedy star of the first magnitude.



# THE GERMAN EMPEROR, "HIGH PROTECTOR OF CHOREOGRAPHY":

DANCES FAVOURED AND FORBIDDEN BY SOCIETY'S DANCING-MASTERS.



1. FAVOURED: THE TWO-STEP.

3. FORBIDDEN: THE TRANSATLANTIC.

6. FORBIDDEN: THE CAKE WALK.

4. FAVOURED: THE BERLIN COURT DANCE.

7. FORBIDDEN: THE MATICHICHE.

2. FORBIDDEN: THE EPILEPTIC BOSTON.

5. FAVOURED: THE KERMESSE.

8. FORBIDDEN: THE KRAQUETTE.

At a recent "International Congress of Authors, Masters, and Teachers of Dancing," held at Crefeld, those assembled passed a "vote of admiration and devotion to the person of his Majesty Wilhelm II.," who was present at one of the meetings and was announced as "High Protector of Choreography." The Kaiser, as is well known, has frequently shown his interest in dancing, and has been known even to send a regiment to a town in order that the young ladies of that town might have officers to dance with, although it has been said, somewhat unkindly, that in such cases his Imperial Majesty is less interested in the art of dancing than in the desire to garrison towns without causing too many questions from anti-militarists. The principal business of the congress was to decide the dances that should be favoured by society, and the dances that should be forbidden.



## THE EARLY-RISING SERVANT.



"YES MADAM I CAN THOROUGHLY RECOMMEND THIS ONE."



"THERE MARY! THAT WILL GET YOU UP IN THE MORNING AND SAVE YOUR MISSIS HAVING TO CALL YOU."



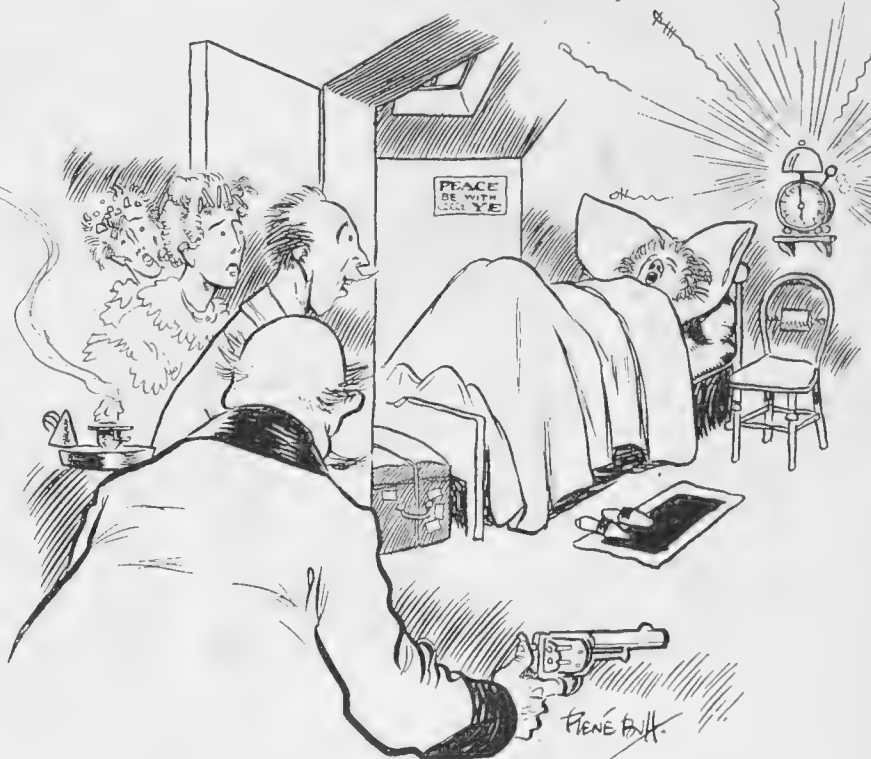
NEXT MORNING . 6 A.M. "SCOTLAND YARD! WHAT'S THAT?"



AUNT JANE :- "GREAT HEAVENS! WHAT'S HAPPENING?"



UNCLE HARRY :- "I'LL GUARANTEE THAT BURGLAR A BAD TIME."



AN ALARMING STORY.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.



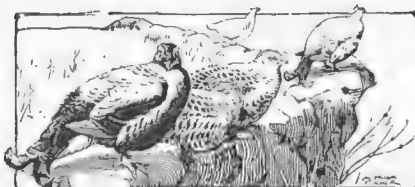
THERE WAS ONLY ROOM FOR ONE!



THE OLD GENTLEMAN: Are ye no ashamed o' yourself to be seen skatin' on the Sabbath, 'laddie?

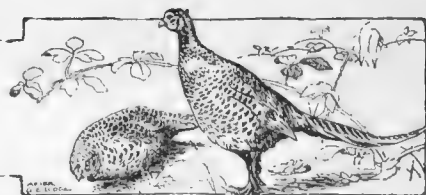
DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.





## WEEK-END PAPERS

By S. L. BENSUSAN.



*Back in Scotland.* A few days ago I chanced to be in Scotland, and gave a day to sport in a part of the country near the border of highland and lowland. The weather was dry but dull, neither invigorating nor enervating; the low ground wet. I know this part of Scotland when the heather is in bloom, and I know it in the snowy days when roads are sometimes impassable and the grouse may not be molested, but the late November day revealed it in yet another aspect, and not a very pleasant one. The arable land had been ploughed, but not sown; the root-crops had been taken up, leaving the fields in which they were raised a mass of mud; the pageant of autumn was passing rapidly, leaving all save the evergreens bare. Along the roads, so lively and bright in August and September if a fine day chance to come to the district—and we do get a fine day now and again—desolation reigned supreme; the scattered houses, so full of laughter and gaiety in summer time, were closed and barred, their gardens, once sacred to croquet or tennis and tea-parties, surrendered to the mischances of the winter time. That eight or ten weeks should have made so much difference seemed almost incredible. When I passed through the district last it was early September; some of the corn had not been cut, partridge-shooting had not started. Now the place seemed to be the abode of unending winter—a remnant most forlorn of what it was.

*Moorland in November.*

On the moor there was a silence that might be felt. The purple had passed from the heather as though the bees whose hives had been set amid it in the August days had carried the colour and fragrance away with them. A couple of rooks passed over, and a whaup screamed disconsolately in the far distance. Even the rabbits that lay scattered so thickly upon the hillside in the summer-time had passed, for the trappers had been at work. But when we had reached the top the sun sent a few feeble rays to see if Scotland were still in its old position in the North Sea, and a cock grouse, encouraged by the unaccustomed sight, climbed on to a knoll and challenged lustily. "Beck-beck-beck, go back, go back!" he cried; but it was written that he should come back in the game-bag. It is no bad thing to kill a few old cocks as late in the season as may be. Fortunately, or unfortunately, the birds had not forgotten their summer

does not quite suffice. Unless one is bent only upon the making of a bag the actual shooting plays no more than a modest part in the day's sport. There are so many other things that matter.

*Cunning Black-Game.*

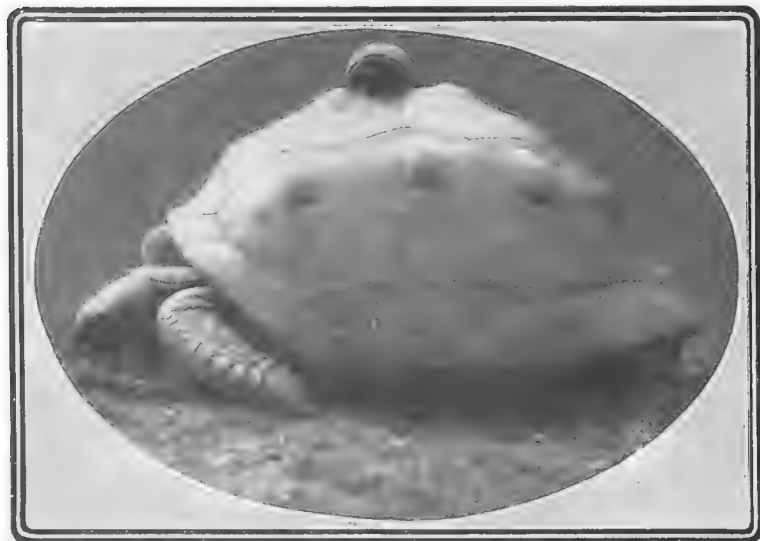
There is a ten-acre stubble-field by the side of a wood that in old days held a large number of black-game. Coming down from the moor one could see a small covey of these fine birds in the stubbles. Very tempting indeed they looked, but a little consideration showed us that they were as safe as if they had been in the Zoological Gardens. They saw us as we approached half-a-mile away, and while the elder ones merely suspended their prospecting operations, the younger ones crouched. Nothing in the way of a détour would have served to yield a shot; we could but send two guns to choose likely stations at the far end of the wood-side, while a third moved boldly towards the birds to raise them. When the third gun was a hundred yards from the corner of the field the birds rose high in the air, and passed in splendid flight and at great pace to the far-away hillside beyond the river. The attempt of the wingless creature, man, to approach them over open ground must have seemed ridiculous. Perhaps their flight alarmed the stray pheasants in the wood; two flew out to another cover, and no more were seen.

*The Solitary Plover.*

Down among the fields that are flooded in wet weather one or two snipe came to the bag and a solitary golden plover moved before me, just out of range. If ever a bird had friendly intentions towards offensive strangers, this was one. He would fly a little way and then alight and look up and walk a few yards, as though to meet the gun, and then move on again. At first I could only see a golden plover and remember that he is far better eating than any of his kind, and is, indeed, every bit as good as a woodcock. Then I began to think that he wished to be friendly and that his little trick of walking towards me was intended to strike up an acquaintance. It would not have served any purpose to suggest this to my neighbours; happily, I was the end gun, and could keep the bird from crossing, even if it had wished to do so. The plover saw the other guns, I think, and had no liking for their side of the meadow. Had I been by myself, I would have stopped and left the



IN THE COSTUME OF ADAM—ELABORATED: A SPECIES OF THE FIG-TREE (*FICUS REPENS*) AS CLOTHING FOR THE FIGURE OF A MAN, AT BELLE VUE, MANCHESTER.



A STUDY IN CONTRAST: A 200-YEAR-OLD GIANT TORTOISE, WITH A COMMON GARDEN TORTOISE ON ITS BACK.

The Elephantine Tortoises are found only in the Galapagos Islands, and Aldabra (an island in the Indian Ocean). Although at one time very plentiful, the giant tortoises are now becoming almost extinct. Of late years, the Hon. Walter Rothschild has had a large number brought over to this country, and one of these weighed 6 cwt. It is pleasing to note that the few remaining tortoises are now receiving protection at the hands of the Government of Mauritius, to which Aldabra belongs.—[Photograph by W. S. Berridge, F.Z.S.]



THE ORIGIN OF THE CHRISTMAS-BOX—PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE POOR!

The original Christmas-box really had some connection with a box, the type of thing here illustrated. Such boxes were hung in the parish church near the door, so that those members of the congregation who felt so inclined could "remember" the poor by placing spare coins in them. For several weeks before Christmas, the boxes held their positions; on Boxing Day they were opened and their contents were distributed.—[Photograph by W. H. Knowles.]

experiences; they were very wild and broke in all directions. The cock birds were in winter plumage and looking at their very best, but less brilliant birds and more cheerful surroundings would have made far better sport from the standpoint of the man whom mere shooting

ground to its solitary autumn visitor; but I was not, so just as he rose at the field's end, I fired high over him, and, greatly alarmed, he went across the river. If these lines meet his eye, I hope he will accept the assurance that my intentions were perfectly friendly.



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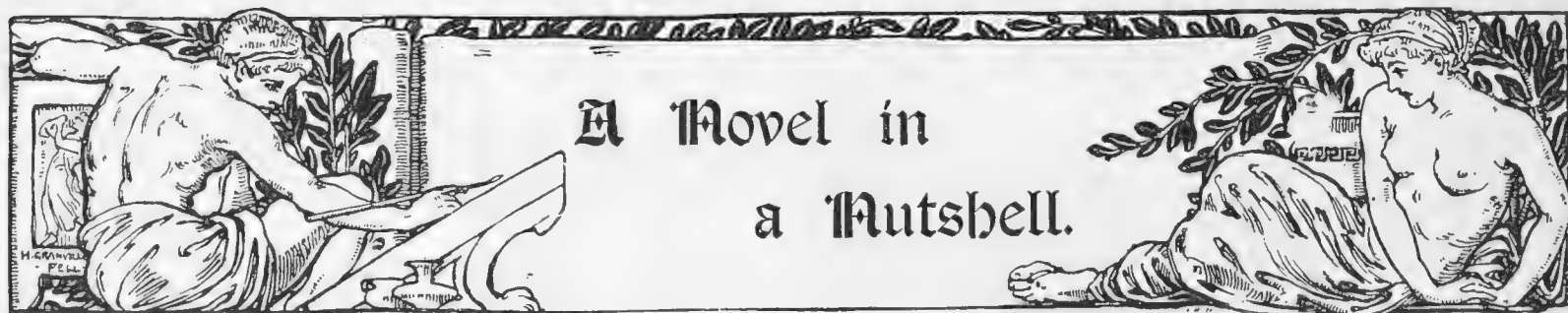


# A FALSE START!



LOAFING LARRY: No good, ain't she? Wot did yer tell 'er?  
 MEANDERING MIKE: I kinder forgot meself. Arsked 'er ter 'elp a pore orphan.  
 LOAFING LARRY: Wot did she say?  
 MEANDERING MIKE: Turned rahnd sudden-like and sez: "It's a good job fer  
 yer parents yer are an orphan," she sez.

DRAWN BY S. B. DE LA BERE.



## A Novel in a Nutshell.

### MISS NORTH'S INDICTMENT.

BY WILLIAM FREEMAN.

THE dusk was just falling when Colbridge alighted from his cab and mounted the steps which led to his friend's offices. He found the number, and knocked, a little doubtfully, for Jimmy Sullivan was not an ordinary business man. A deep voice shouted "Come in!" and he entered forthwith.

A short and stout gentleman who was writing furiously at a paper-littered table sprang to his feet as Colbridge came forward.

"Good Lord—it's Dick! Come in, man. I'd no idea that you would be back so soon."

He shook hands, and dragged forward a big arm-chair.

"Sit down. There's whisky and a siphon on your left, and a box of smokes behind you."

Dick dropped into the seat and stretched his long legs luxuriously.

"Jim, you're an oasis in the desert. How's the Missis—likewise the kiddie? By the way, I've a cabby waiting below with my boxes."

"Splendid, thanks. I'll tell Jenkins to have your things brought up."

Sullivan scribbled a note and touched a bell. A youth appeared from an inner room, received it with murmured instructions, and vanished. Five minutes later Dick's possessions were before him, and the man had departed with the fare.

"I say, don't let me interrupt you," protested the visitor, with the veneration due to a man who could earn nine hundred a year by writing frothy little articles, and play cricket like a professional.

"It's all right," his host assured him comfortably. "The stuff needn't be handed in before seven to-night. 'Some Curious Attempts at Perpetual Motion.' Your own case ought to be included, my son—though it isn't."

"It isn't," said Dick, "because the experiment was a dead failure from the first. I can't stand everlasting hotels and all the other delights of travelling solus. Young Myles is a decent chap, but he was only with me for a day or two. And I'm hanged if I can find another pal."

"How about female society? A wife is occasionally the lesser of two evils."

"Really?" Dick pitched the remainder of his cigar into the fire, and flushed oddly. "For a man married a couple of years, you're an obstinate old optimist, Jim." He paused reminiscently. "There was a woman on the Ostend boat with a face like a buffalo. She found out in some miraculous way that I had a banking-account and was unattached. . . . It was horrible!"

"Poor unprotected male! I'm afraid you've returned to even greater dangers. You'll stay with us for the night?"

"Well, I thought of putting up at Kerridge's."

"My good man, you'll do nothing of the sort. Rose would never forgive me."

"But are you sure—"

"Shouldn't invite you otherwise. It isn't from entirely unselfish motives, either. If 'the extraordinary scarcity of dancing-men' continues (see Press notices), it will end in our borrowing the fiancés of the cook and the housemaid for to-night. Oh, forgot I hadn't told you. We've a little dance on—quite a small affair. Don't go pale—it's nothing agonising."

"It's awfully good of you, Jimmy, but there are half-a-dozen people I must see, and—"

"Who are they?"

"My lawyers, and a man about a patent ventilator."

Sullivan grinned unsympathetically.

"The lawyers and the ventilator man won't want you at ten o'clock at night. No good, old man—you're booked. And I'll see you don't run into danger. As a matter of fact, you know a good many of the people who are coming already. The Russells will be there, and some people named North, who own a big factory at Walsall—"

"I know a Miss North, of Walsall," said Dick with a little start.

"Possibly the same one. Meet her abroad?"

"Yes; in Belgium."

"That's the girl. She's about the most dangerous young person

in Europe. Travels a lot with her cousin and an old governess, and has dark eyes of the unfathomable type. I know about fifteen sane and healthy young men who at one time or another have offered to die for her. She makes hay while the sun shines, and then laughs at 'em. Then there are the Westons, those Jenkins women, and a heap more of your old pals. We'll give you a treat, me bhoys."

Colbridge gave a short laugh.

"Same old Jimmy! All right; I surrender."

"Good. Now, if you'll wait another ten minutes, we shall be able to get away."

He flung himself to his work again, and Dick waited, motionless and preoccupied, until it was finished. Jimmy thrust the manuscript into an envelope, hailed a cab, and drove furiously to a newspaper office, where they seemed extremely glad to see him. Emerging, he gave the man an extra half-crown to catch the six o'clock train home.

Dick abandoned himself amiably enough to being alternately questioned and hustled, and yielded still more willingly to the almost maternal welcome of Mrs. Sullivan. She had laughed away his apologies, introduced him to the baby, and showed him his room, almost before he had had time to realise the signs of increased prosperity on every side that marked the rising man. Truly the star of Jimmy Sullivan was in the ascendant.

It was during the long gap that separated dinner from the arrival of the first guests that Colbridge experienced a wave of something akin to loneliness and self-pity. Independence of action and absence of worries seemed an inadequate compensation for the things he had missed. It dawned upon him that the servant question, smoky chimneys, and sticky-fingered children were not the only and inevitable sequels to the honeymoon. His thoughts wandered persistently to days spent in Belgium when a woman's companionship had filled a gap in his life so naturally and completely that she had seemed but the embodiment of another side of his own nature. And, in his ignorance, he had had visions of a vaguely beautiful possibility becoming a certainty, which the telegram that had called her away had not destroyed.

The prospect of remaining abroad grew suddenly intolerable, and he had left for England within a fortnight of her departure.

And now he knew the truth. Idly, and without compunction, the woman had played with his heart. So be it. If it were broken, she should never know the result of the game.

Colbridge watched the dancers drift into the brilliantly lighted room with almost pitiful anxiety. His dread of an encounter was blended with a sharp, reckless longing. In any case, he would be almost certain to see her, but he feared an actual meeting before his nerves were steady enough to bear the strain of light talk and laughter.

Fate ordained that he should be called away when at last she arrived, and it was nearly an hour later before they came face to face in a set of the lancers.

Miss North was obviously astonished. Colbridge thanked Heaven for the music and the quick movement that helped him to recover his shaken self-control. Each revelation of her delicate beauty seemed to smite him like a physical blow. Her bright little nod of recognition carried him straight back to those days in Belgium when he had drifted so near to the rapids of utter self-abandonment, to—

"To making a fool of himself for her amusement," added Reason.

The dance ended in the usual laughter and flurry. He piloted his partner—a voluble lady of forty—back to her seat, and stood talking aimlessly until Jimmy, who had been lurking in the distance, swooped down as the music struck up a waltz and freed him.

"Look here, old man, you said you knew the Norths of Walsall. Well, why on earth don't you come and speak to the girl over there—the one in the white dress I mean, sitting in pensive melancholy. Probably her partner's forgotten her. If—as I fancy—he is young Dowson ploughing his way along with that Freeman girl, she's had a lucky escape."

He caught Dick by the sleeve, and the latter, raising his eyes, could see the girl was watching them with amusement. Since there

(Continued overleaf.)



WILL MAN TRAVEL THROUGH THE AIR?—A TRUE PROPHET.



MR. ISHMAEL BROWN (*of the Peak District, reading on his way to the station*): £10,000 prize for an aeroplane.

Dear me! we shall soon be travelling through space.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

was no escape, he crossed to where she was seated alone among half-a-dozen empty chairs.

"Behold a distressed damosel," she said gaily, as Dick dropped into the seat beside her, "deserted by both chaperon and partner. Put not your trust in gentlemen who won't write plainly on their programmes."

"A young man of the name of Dowson is the criminal, isn't he?" said Colbridge. "In which case his present partner is paying pretty heavily for an honour unto which she was not born. . . . How long have you been staying in London, Miss North?"

"Only a week or so, with friends. It is odd we should meet again so soon. You have just arrived from the Continent, have you not?"

"Crossed yesterday by the night boat. Jimmy Sullivan is hospitality incarnate, or I should still be languishing in an hotel. And it's something to share the blessings of table d'hôte in its literal sense again."

Miss North laughed.

"That is so. I remember my first English dinner after returning from Ostend. My aunt, to honour the occasion, made a feature of veal. I suppose she thought it appropriate. And we had had it for three days running at the hotel!"

"You are exceedingly greedy people," said a voice from behind them. "You think of nothing but eating and drinking."

Dick turned as Mrs. Sullivan, looking very girlish in a wonderful yellow gown, slipped into the seat beside his companion.

"And, talking of food," she continued, "I'm going to treat you abominably, my dear. It's only permissible because you're such an old friend. Jim is your next partner, isn't he, and again later on? Will you forgive me if I borrow him to help me at the refreshment buffet? One of the waiters appears to be ill—Jim says the verdict would be 'Drunk from natural causes'—and I'm short-handed. No, Mr. Colbridge," as Dick rose, "I'm not going to allow you to do butler's work. For one thing, I don't believe your programme is half full. Let me see."

He surrendered it meekly.

"No—not nearly. Your duty lies before you. And mine is among the eatables, so good-bye."

With a wave of her hand, she rose and departed. Dick dropped into his seat again, and for some moments sat watching the dancers with absent, moody intentness. He formulated and abandoned half-a-dozen excuses for escaping. With Jimmy's warning ringing in his ears, he had no excuse for running into danger, but there should be no difficulty in keeping the conversation in safe and easy channels.

And so, indeed, he found it, as the old charm of her personality asserted itself. Mrs. Sullivan, watching unseen from afar, smiled the smile of the successful conspirator at each ripple of laughter from the distant seat. Paris they discussed, Rome and Naples—the reminiscences of two months' travel along the regular tourist routes; hotel life and Continental amusements. Only he made no allusion to Bruges and the little Belgian villages where her holiday and his dream had ended. Once or twice she wandered on dangerous ground, but Dick set his teeth, and found a grim satisfaction in baffling every reference to those last days. He watched her with hungry, furtive eyes, unwilling to admit the pure delight that her mere presence gave him. Her programme slipped to the floor, and as he stooped to recover it he saw that the space between Jimmy's initials was vacant, and was ashamed, and then angered, at his own relief.

A fool and his folly! How many men had she sacrificed to her idle amusement? And even now she triumphed in the conquest of a fresh victim.

He was swept by a revulsion of feeling. Her voice at his side precipitated a sudden resolution.

"Have you heard from your friend Mr. Myles, lately, Mr. Colbridge—the one who stayed at Bruges for a day or two? We saw in the papers how splendidly he had done at Oxford."

"Dennis Myles? Yes, I had a letter from him a few days ago. He has left the College, given up his career, and gone to India."

"Given it up!" echoed the girl in astonishment. "I thought he was going to do such splendid things."

"So he might have done"—Dick's voice was cold and even—"if a woman had not broken his heart and ruined his life."

She gazed at him curiously.

"How dreadful. Tell me about it."

"There isn't much to tell. He met her and fell utterly and hopelessly in love. She, liking admiration, probably lured him on. And then he learned that she was a woman who played with men's hearts for amusement. The story is as old as Cleopatra's."

"Was she beautiful?"

"Beautiful!"

At the passion in his voice, the girl stole a quick glance at his bowed head.

"Then you met her?" she said, a new softness in her voice.

"I did."

"I remember Mr. Myles quite well. He was a handsome boy. Tell me what *she* was like."

"The woman who ruined him was lovely enough to turn the head of any man," he said slowly. "And she was young and clever and—"

"Tell me what she looked like," insisted the girl.

"Looked like? I am a poor hand at description, but—"

Colbridge broke off abruptly, and then continued, almost under his breath—

"Her face was a soft oval, pale and clear, and the curve of her cheek would have sent a painter crazy. Her eyes were dark, and set rather wide apart, and her nose was straight, and as dainty as her whole figure. . . . These trivial things cannot interest you."

"They are not trivial to—a woman, Mr. Colbridge."

He lifted his head, and saw that her cheeks were flushed and her eyes very bright.

"Then forgive me if I talk like a penny novelette, for—I knew the girl rather well. I think her mouth was his—Dennis's—final undoing. You see, he knew next to nothing about women, and she was like no other on earth. Her hair was dark—though not darker than her eyes—and she wore it gathered in a shimmery coil on her white neck. And she was clear-brained and well-read, and yet utterly feminine. So Dennis came a cropper, and I have no doubt she laughed at him. That is all."

"And this happened in Belgium?"

"In Belgium," repeated Colbridge steadily.

The girl watched the dancers whirl by them in silence, her face hidden by a big white fan.

"Did—did you—like her too?"

The unexpectedness of the question held him mute. She misunderstood his silence.

"Forgive me—I have been impertinent. But—I thought I might know her."

"You do."

Colbridge would deal out his punishment to the bitter end, though it tore his heart to pieces.

"And you are quite right," he added; "I did care."

Miss North rose and moved towards a curtained doorway that led to the deserted conservatory.

"The heat here is stifling," she said. "I am glad you told me. Perhaps I can help you."

"I think not," said Colbridge. The distress in her face was pitiful.

"Have I made a mistake? Were you not speaking of—"

Colbridge played his last card with a sick feeling of cruelty.

"I referred to Miss North," he said, and turned away.

He felt her light touch on his arm.

"I—I thought so, though I had forgotten you met her. Is it possible to smooth matters over? I shall be seeing my cousin to-morrow."

"Your—cousin!"

"My cousin, Dorothy North. She was to have come this evening. We have been a good deal together, and—they say we are somewhat alike. She is thoughtless, I know; but if—"

"I have never met or heard of her," said Colbridge.

The girl stared at him, pale, uncomprehending. Then suddenly a wave of colour spread over her face and throat. Colbridge faced her with clenched hands, like a man in physical agony.

"Do you understand?" he said. "I have been a fool, a presumptuous fool. I tried to punish a woman. And I lied also. Dennis Myles never met your cousin—he only saw you for one day, and he left Oxford to become a missionary. And I had never heard of her existence until—" Light broke upon him suddenly, blinding and stunning.

"I am afraid we have been talking at cross-purposes," said the girl, and her voice was cold and steady. "And now, if you will take me to Mrs. Sullivan—"

Colbridge's face was set in an extremity of shame and longing.

"Won't you allow me to explain?"

"I cannot see that—that anything would be gained."

"I have lost what I coveted most in the world through my own madness. Is not that sufficient punishment?"

Her eyes met his pitilessly for an instant, and then fell.

"I came home solely to see you again, and to tell you that you were dearer than anything on earth to me. And then Sullivan spoke of your cousin, and, thinking he referred to you, I jumped at a false conclusion. . . . God knows, I am paying the penalty. . . . Now let me take you to Mrs. Sullivan."

"Thank you," said the girl quietly, and slipped her arm in his.

Colbridge looked down at the white hand shining on his black sleeve, at the graceful head so near his own shoulder. Through the curtained doorway came a sudden burst of music. It was the "El Dorado" waltz. They had danced it together at the hotel ball on the evening before she had left for England.

He made no movement. The girl lifted her eyes slowly to his.

"Is there no hope?" he said hoarsely.

"You were cruel."

"Is there no hope?" he repeated.

Her answer was a little soft, sobbing cry, as he caught her in his arms in a passion of remorse and tenderness.

"Oh, my dearest—to think that you cared, after all! And I hurt you so!"

She smiled up at him.

"It isn't too late—to make amends," she whispered.

THE END.





# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



**S**ATURDAY will be a night of happy memories. It will bring the reopening of the Savoy Theatre, its rededication as it were, to the work for which it was originally planned and built—the delightful operas linked with the names of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Happy the memories must be, as the audience which will crowd every available seat of the theatre recalls the long series of works which the collaborators who—to use the popular phrase—were made for each other have produced; while a sadness is born of the fact that the musician whose brain evolved all the melodies which play on our sensibilities, even as the angel Israfael played upon his own heart-strings as upon a harp, has been taken from us by the inevitable hand of Death.

Against this sadness must be placed the ever-welcome presence of Mr. Gilbert, who only the other day was receiving the congratulations of his friends on completing his seventieth birthday. He has been directing the rehearsals, as he did when "The Yeomen of the Guard" was being first prepared for presentation eighteen years ago.

Next week Mr. Tree and the members of his company will have a busy time, even though they will be away from London, and His Majesty's Theatre will be closed in the very height of the season. In accordance with a long-made promise, Mr. Tree will inaugurate the New Theatre, Cardiff, which is under the management of Mr. Robert Redford, a brother of the well-known Licensor of Plays. Anticipating the Calendar by four weeks, Mr. Tree will dedicate the theatre with a performance of "Twelfth Night," in which he will, of course, play Malvolio, a performance to be repeated on Thursday and at the matinée on Saturday; "Trilby" and "The Man Who Was" will be the programme on Tuesday and Saturday; "Colonel Newcome" on Wednesday afternoon and Friday evening, and "Hamlet" on

Wednesday. When His Majesty's Theatre closes after the performance on Saturday evening, it will remain shut until after Christmas, in order that the rehearsals of "Antony and Cleopatra" may proceed uninterrupted for the production on the day after Boxing Day.

Having, so to speak, rubbed off the rough edges of his production of "Macbeth" by the recent performances at Stratford-on-Avon and by much subsequent hard work at Manchester and by rehearsing this week in town, Mr. Bouchier is about to challenge the immediate verdict of London by his production of the tragedy. The first of the

Charles V. France; the Porter, Mr. Charles Goodhart; the First Murderer, Mr. Lawson Butt; and Macduff, Mr. Matheson Lang.

Mr. Lang's advance in the esteem of the London managers of late has undoubtedly been very little short of remarkable. It was only some three or four years ago that, as a member of one of Mr. Benson's travelling companies, he was playing the leading parts in the repertoire in the West Indies. After his return home he got several opportunities, of which he made the most, with the result that he has been selected to play this part, which is one of the most "grateful" in the Shaksperian repertoire, since its representative never fails to make a deep impression, for when he comes on he has the attention of the audience fixed on him. In a way, he is the hero of the play, in which Macbeth is the villain. To emphasise his position, Mr. Lang has been selected to play Othello when that tragedy is produced in Manchester early in the New Year.

In his production of "Macbeth," Mr. Bouchier is giving the three Witches to Mr. H. Nye Chart. Mr. Arthur Whitby, and Mrs. H. Nye Chart. It will be remembered that in his production of the play Sir Henry Irving also gave at least one of the Witches to an actress. Mr. F. R. Benson also used to do this, if he does not still adhere to the custom. Instead, however, of following the text and making all the Witches old and with beards, to give point to Macbeth's line, he used to instruct the actress to make up with a white face and scarlet mouth, so that she looked young rather than old. The idea, as it was understood at the time, was that this Witch was to suggest Death, in spite of the fact that Shakspeare made no such reference in the play—indeed, distinctly stated otherwise.

For the third time within the short space of a few weeks a West-End theatre will close its doors for a night in consequence of a Royal Command. This time his Majesty's choice has fallen on Mr. Otho Stuart's production of "Peter's Mother." The company engaged in its representation will accordingly journey to Sandringham on Friday evening to play before the King, the Queen, and all the Court. Wyndham's will therefore be closed on that evening.

Although so far as London is concerned the pantomime season is still three weeks ahead, the Christmas revels are already being anticipated in some of the provincial towns. Thus, in Glasgow, the pantomime begins to-night, where, at the Theatre Royal, Mr. Hickory Wood's new version of "Dick Whittington" is to be produced. Instead of starting with that immortal hero setting out for London to seek fame and fortune, the author takes up his history earlier in his career, and shows him as a country boy. Next week the Edinburgh pantomime starts, and thence onward productions will trickle along, so to speak, until they emerge in a flood on Christmas Eve and Boxing Day.



MISS MARIE GEORGE (MRS. NORMAN J. NORMAN) AND HER SON.

Miss Marie George, as we have already announced, is to play the principal girl in "Sindbad the Sailor," this year's Drury Lane pantomime.

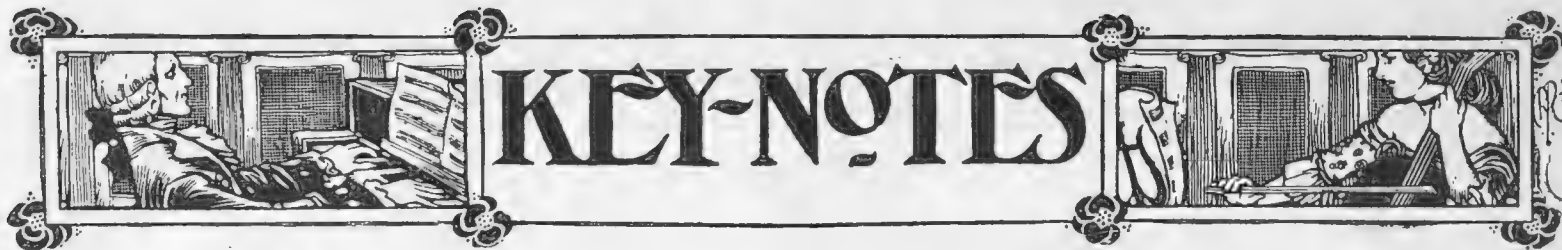
Photograph by Elite, Ltd.

two performances arranged for next week will be given on Tuesday afternoon at the Garrick Theatre, and the cast will differ in many material respects from that which previously supported Mr. Bouchier. Miss Violet Vanbrugh will, of course, again be the Lady Macbeth, and the other leading parts have been distributed as follows: Banquo, Mr. Sidney Valentine; Ross, Mr. Acton Bond; the Doctor, Mr.



AN ACTRESS WHO DELIBERATELY BURNT HERSELF TO ENSURE A REALISTIC STAGE EFFECT: MME. SUZANNE DESPRES.

Mme. Despres was recently playing Sylvia Settala in "Giocconda," and on the first night, in order to ensure a realistic scream when the hands of the character she was portraying are crushed by the statue, she placed her hand in the flame of a candle. For the subsequent performances she was content to imitate the scream that resulted from her first-night experiment.



THE third of the "Joachim Committee series of concerts" was given at the Bechstein Hall last week. The programmes of this particular series are made up altogether of the works of Brahms. This, one may say, is rather a pity, for however much one may admire a composer, the fact remains that his work, if given by the same combination of players time after time, begins to pall. The present writer cannot understand why Schumann admired so much the String Quartet in B flat major, written more than a quarter of a century ago. It was certainly played beautifully, and it was followed by the Pianoforte Trio in C minor, which was succeeded by the String Sextet in G Major. Very beautiful was the playing of Joachim, who at one time seemed to be somewhat lacking in a sense of tune; his perfect accuracy, however, is now restored, and his intonation should be a lesson to all young violinists of the period. Joachim was assisted by Professor Carl Halir, Mr. Karl Klinger, and Professor Robert Hausmann. In the Trio, Mr. Donald Francis Tovey, who plays with much vigour, but without much poetry of feeling, took the chief part. In the Sextet, Mr. Frank Bridge and Mr. Percy Such joined the Quartet. It may be added that the audience applauded with obvious sincerity and enthusiasm, proving that the worship of Brahms in England is by no means on the wane.

Mr. Charles W. Clark has just given the first of two Song Recitals, which he purposes to present before the public at the Æolian Hall. Mr. Clark is a most admirable singer, and he sings not only with refined quality of voice, but also shows how finely intelligent is his reading of music. His interpretation of Richard Strauss, for example, a most difficult composer to render aright, was admirable. In a very fine setting of Shakspeare's "Blow, blow thou winter wind," by Mr. Roger Quilter, he was exceedingly good, and showed that he is a master of his art, and that he has made a very great point of practising many sides of vocal possibilities.



AFTER TAKING OFF: SIGNOR BUSONI AS HE NOW IS, WITH HIS SON.

Signor Feruccio Busoni was the solo pianist at Mme. Patti's concert at the Albert Hall on Saturday last. He has been engaged for the forthcoming Harrison tour, with Señor Sarasate and Miss Amy Castles.

ance, and Signor Zenatello, in the part so extraordinarily entitled F. B. Pinkerton, sang magnificently. The rest of the cast is well known in London, and it is not necessary to repeat individual names.

The autumn opera season is now over, and, from all appearances, one would judge that it has been a great success. The house has been filled night after night, and the artists engaged have been of very finest quality. Of course the disappearance of Madame Nordica from the casts specially arranged for her was a very great disappointment. On the other hand, Melba has been with us with her unrivalled voice and her splendid methods of operatic art. The programmes have been varied and most interesting; moreover, the management has left nothing undone to provide splendid stage productions, the whole scenic arrangements having been distinguished by a wonderful sense of pictorial art and of effective significance.



MME. PATTI'S FAREWELL TO THE CONCERT PLATFORM: THE FAMOUS PRIMA-DONNA, WHO MADE HER LAST PROFESSIONAL APPEARANCE IN LONDON AT THE ALBERT HALL ON SATURDAY LAST.

As we, in company with many other papers, noted some while ago, Mme. Patti has decided to retire. She brought her professional career to a close last Saturday. All will wish her well.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

which is to be called the "Novello Club-room." It may be added that the very well-known statue of Handel, sculptured by Roubillac in 1739,

and familiar to the frequenters of the old Vauxhall Gardens, is now housed in these premises (a present to the company from Mr. Alfred H. Littleton, a man whom everybody respects and admires). It only remains to add that the whole building, in which is included the printing and bookbinding works, has been erected from the design of Mr. Frank Loughborough Pearson, F.R.I.B.A. That which particularly interests one about the matter is that, although the whole arrangements in connection with the purely business point of view of the firm have been carefully considered, the feeling for art has been no less regarded. The directors have always had in view the idea that no effort should be spared to provide a structure that might be a tribute to the art of music. A touching little sentence has been sent to the present writer to the effect that this building "should stand as a memorial to their predecessors who laboured so earnestly for the progress and ever-widening interest" of music in this country.



BEFORE TAKING OFF: SIGNOR BUSONI (BEARDED) AS HE WAS WHEN HE FIRST CAME TO THIS COUNTRY.

Signor Busoni made his first appearance in this country at the St. James's Hall in 1897. He was then bearded, as one of our photographs shows. He is one of the few examples of the infant prodigy matured into a famous musician.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry]

COMMON CHORD.



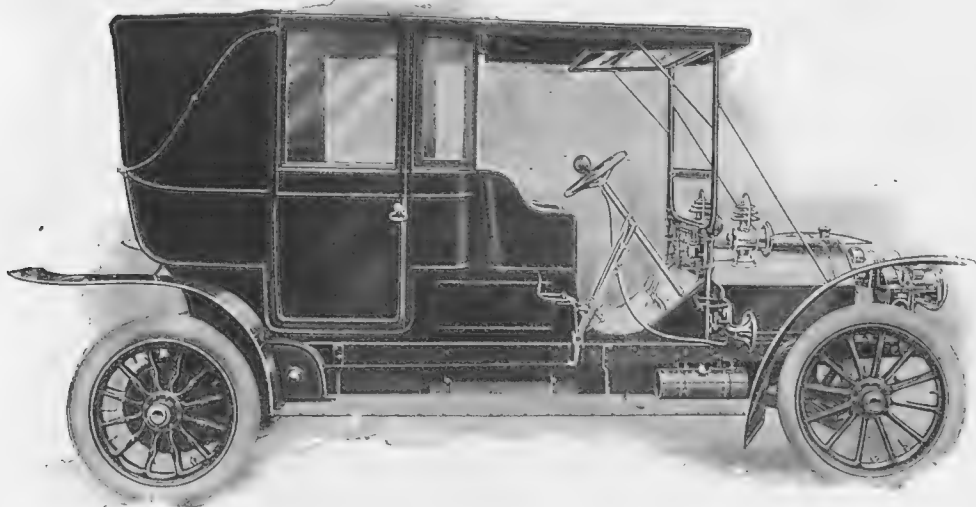


THE EMPEROR'S CUP—LUBRICATION IMPROVEMENTS—A CURE FOR EVIL-SMOKING MOTOR-BUSES—THE ENGINE AS AN AIR-PUMP BRAKE—RIGID IGNITION AND THROTTLE SECTORS—IMPROVEMENT IN BODY-WORK—THE REO CAR.

VERY wisely, the German Emperor never lets slip an opportunity of giving his country every possible chance and pushing her to the front. Consider for one moment the enthusiasm with which he has promoted this new race over the Taunus course, to be known as the German Emperor's Cup. Quick indeed has he been to profit by the greed of the French manufacturers, who are keen to have everything all their own way, and, throwing all sportsmanlike feeling to the winds, insist upon the continuance of the abnormally partial conditions which at their instigation governed the race for the Grand Prix over the Circuit de la Sarthe this year, and practically ruled out all foreign competition. In the Emperor's Cup the three-cars-per-manufacturer rule, no matter his nationality, is to obtain, no attempt being made to afford Germany herself any advantage over the other nations. This sporting policy can have but one result, and that to turn the attention of the automobile world from France and centre it upon Germany. The Hohenzollern knows his way about.

What I saw and learnt at Olympia still remains with me, so that I am moved to supplement my comments of last week as to the general all-round tendencies of design and construction. What many regard as a distinct improvement in lubrication was evident on all hands. Many well known and a good many obscure cars were provided with forced lubrication; that is, pump-forced as opposed to exhaust or air-pressure. In some cases a small cog-wheel rotary pump was introduced, and fed oil from a tank or the bottom of the crank-chamber to the crank-shaft bearings. This is, however, hardly more than a compromise, the best jobs being found in the cases where a simple form of force-pump drew oil from a sump or well formed in the under-casing of the crank-chamber and delivered it through holes drilled in the crank-shaft and crank-cheeks to main and big-end bearings, and again thence by a pipe laid up the hollow of the connecting-rod to the gudgeon pin.

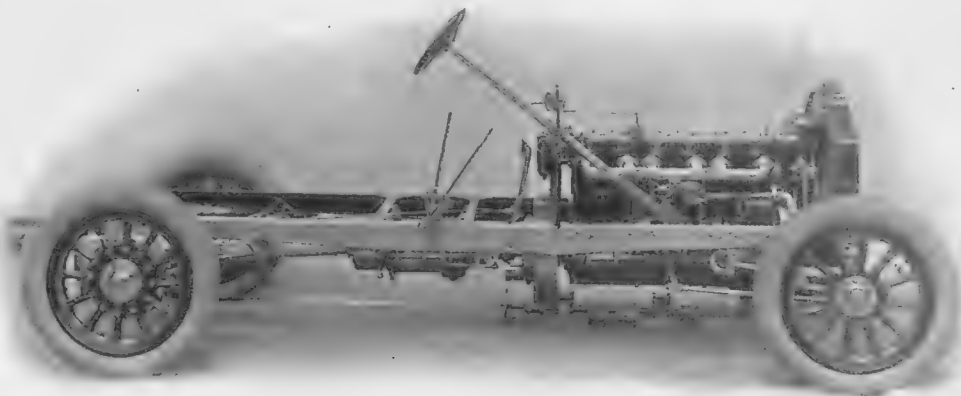
In such cases the lower half of the crank-chamber was made with a considerable dip rearwards to the sump or well, so that all the oil escaping from the bearings dropped to the bottom of the chamber, and at once flowed back to the oil-well—of course through a gauze filter—and was again sent its serviceable round by the pump. In



THE LAWTON-MERCÉDÈS LANDAULETTE—BODY BY MESSRS. J. A. LAWTON AND CO.

such cases there is then no oil for the connecting-rod ends to dip into as they revolve, the cylinder-walls being amply lubricated by the spray from the ends of the crank-pin bearings, so that smoking at the exhaust-exit cannot occur. This form of lubrication should be insisted upon in connection with all public-service vehicles propelled by internal-combustion engines, and then there would be an end to one of the greatest nuisances of the motor-'bus. This force-pump scheme of lubrication is perfectly carried out in, for example, the Delaunay-Belleville and the Vauxhall cars.

There were one or two instances in which the petrol could be cut off from the carburetter at will, and the throttle being closed, a valve communicating with the outer air was opened by the same operation, with the result that cold, pure air was drawn into the cylinders at will. In one case the cam-shaft and cams were so designed and fitted that upon the shaft being moved endways, the cams operated the valves in such wise that the engine became an air-pump, and, with the clutch and gear in, a brake. The makers of this particular car claim that all



THE 60-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER BELSIZE CHASSIS.

The 60-h.p. Belsize chassis, with six-cylinder engine, at £1000, attracted much attention at the recent show at Olympia. All its valves are operated by one cam-shaft on the top of the cylinders. The London Agency of the Belsize Motors is at Dean's Yard, Cavendish Square, W.

Photograph by Argent Archer.

but the steepest hills can be descended with the greatest safety and ease under the braking control of the engine alone, and so to brake and control the car throws much less stress upon the parts and tyres than the employment of frictional brakes upon the gear-shafts and wheels.

I was glad to note that many makers now fix their ignition and throttle sectors and levers in the centre of the steering-wheel, for nothing is more disconcerting, even to a practised driver, than to chase all round his wheel for his levers when he has the road wheels locked hard over and wants to slow or speed up his engine. In some cases I noticed that, with magneto ignition, but one lever was set on the wheel, the ignition point being fixed. I cannot say that this arrangement quite appeals to me; to my mind, the intelligent driver should be able to control petrol-flow through the jet, hot-air and cold-air supply to the jet-chamber, the admission of extra air, and the ignition point, all from the wheel. But this only for the careful, thoughtful, and intelligent driver.

Body-work showed all-round improvement over the cars of last year, particularly with regard to the consideration given to comfort and convenient fittings. As example, the Lawton "Westminster" body, shown by Messrs. J. A. Lawton and Co., of 24 to 27, Orchard Street, Oxford Street, W., might be cited. This body was a duplicate of one supplied to the Duke of Westminster, and was fitted with a detachable brougham top. With the top on, the car was to all intents and purposes a limousine, but with the top off—and it is easily removed—the body was of the open Roi des Belges type. Another fine body was the pure Roi des Belges on a 25-30-h.p. Austin chassis, built to the order of the Earl of Derby—a fine example of motor-car body-building.

The comfort and handiness of some of the American type of single and double opposed engined cars, for traffic driving particularly, are quite remarkable. A car which exhibits the best and most convenient features of this type is one that was not found at Olympia, but that can be seen any day at the dépôt of Reo Motors, Limited, Broad Sanctuary, Westminster, S.W. I mean, of course, the two-cylinder and one-cylinder Reo cars. Although presenting the outward aspect of the vertical-engined car, these cars have their motors set amidships, which greatly steadies their running, militates against side-slip, and makes for general comfort. They are remarkable value at the prices charged.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE FLAT—WINNINGS—RACES TO COME—GOOD PRIZES UNDER NATIONAL HUNT RULES.

THE flat-race season of 1906, taken all through, was a great success. All the racecourse companies are maintaining their dividends, and many of them are spending big sums in improvements. The one regret to be expressed over the past season is the ill-luck that attended the King. I am sorry to note that his Majesty won only four races with three horses, the total of his winnings being £2788. However, good accounts are to hand of the Sandringham yearlings, now under the charge of R. Marsh, and it can be confidently expected that the royal colours will be carried prominently in the two-year-old races of 1907. The Earl of Derby, who heads the winning owners' list this year with a total of £32,926, has a lot to thank Maher for, as that jockey undoubtedly was the cause of many of the Stanley House horses being successful. All the same, a great deal of credit is due to the Hon. George Lambton for getting the animals fit and for placing them so successfully. Major Loder's form is consistently good in the winning way. His record this year was £17,899. In 1905 he won £23,687; in 1904, £19,899; and in 1903, £15,758. Mr. Hall Walker won £14,355 in 1905, and £23,687 in 1904. Lord Rosebery stands seventh in the winning list with £10,754; while the Duke of Westminster is sixth with £11,270. His Grace will increase his stud of flat-racers in the near future, and H. Jones will ride for him when not wanted for R. Marsh's stable. Of the jockeys, W. Higgs, Madden, and Maher have done the best. The American rode the winner of many big races, and he may be said to be bang on the top of his form just now. He is intelligent, quick, and good-tempered, which goes a long way towards his success. Of the trainers, Mr. G. Lambton has done best in point of value, while W. Elsey heads the list in the number of races won. The Baumber trainer thinks little fish are sweet, and he lays himself out to pick up selling plates innumerable in the Northern Circuit. Gilpin has had a good year; so, by-the-bye, has Alec Taylor, who is a veritable chip of the old block.

One bold speculator has already opened a book on the Lincoln Handicap, and he offers £500 to £5 against any horse. It should be added that each backer must choose a different animal, so the bookie is not likely to come to any harm. I have already heard of several horses that are fancied by the "heads" for the big race on the Carholme, and it would not surprise me at all if Dean Swift were made favourite when the weights come out. Specular is another that backers are on the look out for, and Mida would be backed if entered—that is, if the going were good on the day of the race. Golden Measure, if not overweighted, would, I am certain, run well on the Carholme, and Killeagh has yet to reproduce the form he showed when he beat Bridge of Canny. Malua would be fancied if entered; and the same may be said of Beppo. It is strange to read that Velocity started at 20 to 1 for the race this year, and, ridden by Doyle, finished in the ruck. Mr. Ord will find it difficult to weight this horse out of the race in

1907 should he happen to be nominated. There have already been offers on the Derby of 1907, but after the experience of this year, backers are not likely to tumble over one another in their attempt to make a winter favourite. Spearmint came from the dark division, and next year's winner is very likely to follow suit. St. Martin and Merry Fox are two that come under that category. Of the known performers

that are engaged, Slieve Gallion, Galvani, Traquair, Gnome, Rockbourne, and Hill-sprite are likely to train into the best. I feel confident that Sam Darling will find Slieve Gallion to be a useful three-year-old; and if he comes to the post with the usual Beckhampton polish on him he is very likely to go close. He will be ridden by Higgs, which counts for something. Dillon will have the mount on Galvani, who is very smart, and the same can be said of Traquair, gauged through his Sandown form.

It is a mistake to suppose that there are not plenty of valuable prizes to be won under National Hunt Rules. Turning up the official sheet, I find that entries are invited for the following among other races: Spring Hurdle Race (Newbury) of 500 sovs., the Great Cheshire Steeplechase (Hooton) of 1000 sovs., Hooton Hurdle Race of 1000 sovs., Great Shropshire Steeplechase (Ludlow) of 500 sovs., the Tantivy Steeplechase (Gatwick) of 500 sovs., the International Hurdle Race (Gatwick) of 500 sovs., the February Hurdle Race (Hurst Park) of 250 sovs., the New Century Steeplechase (Hurst Park) of 500 sovs. I simply give this as one week's record. Of course there are scores of other big prizes to be won, including the Grand National at Liverpool, the Great Lancashire Steeplechase, and the Jubilee Hurdle Races at Manchester, and other valuable items to be run for at Sandown, Kempton, and Haydock Park. It will be seen that the money is to be won, and owners with second-class

flat-racers might do worse than turn them into jumpers. Two winners of the Grand National, Voluptuary and Roquefort, were both flat-racers, so that it is possible to win champion honours over a country with horses that are no longer in the top class on the flat. It is worthy of note, too, that backers do better, as a rule, at the winter game than they do under Jockey Club rules. True, cramped prices have to be accepted at times, but over the big races it is sometimes possible to back a horse to win thousands of pounds. It is a great pity that the King has not a horse good enough to win the Grand National, but it does not fall to the lot of many owners to possess a couple of Ambushes in one decade.

It is certain, however, that if Mr. Lushington got a horse good enough to win he could be relied on to get the horse as fit as possible. It would undoubtedly do the sport good if His Majesty won the race again—say with Nulli Secundus. Failing the King, a win by the Earl of Sefton would be highly popular.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.



TEACHING THE DOG THE WAY IT SHOULD GO: TRAINING SPORTING DOGS HOW TO CATCH AND HOLD THEIR QUARRY—NEAR THE KILL.

Photograph by Ullstein and Co



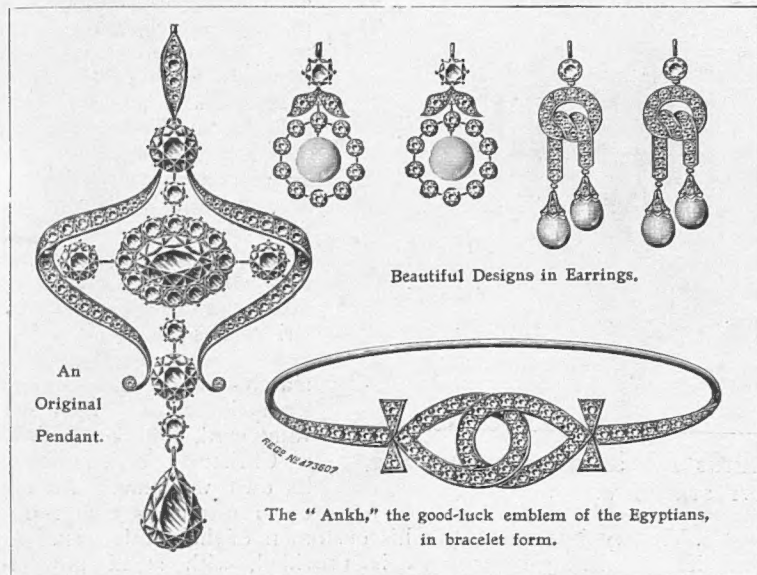
A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF A KILL

Photograph supplied by Naps Agency.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IT may be humiliating to realise the thrice-told tale that there is nothing new under the sun; but that it is a fact cannot be denied, for however modern, scientific, or up to date the twentieth century finds us, our human nature, unchanging and unchangeable, is the same to-day, yesterday, and for ever. We love and hate, like and dislike, tolerate and avoid the very things our remotest forebears knew. There is no doubt, for example, that



CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES AT MESSRS. BENSON'S, 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

primeval beauty drew primeval man by "a single hair," just as inevitably as does her remote descendant of to-day; and if the antediluvian Lothario slew beasts and fashioned virgin gold for her adornment, how does his descendant differ by methods, except that the sables are satin-lined and the gold more intricately fingered?

As an instance in this connection of our long-descended tastes, very apropos to the season of benefactions and gift-giving, may be cited the good-luck emblem of the Egyptians—a magic amulet, known as the "Ankh," newly brought out by Messrs. Benson, of 25, Old Bond Street, who have thus revived for modern well-wishers the oldest jewellery in the world. A drawing of this good-luck symbol in diamonds, set as a bangle, is shown on this page. Rings, scarf-pins, and other pretty trifles are also obtainable with the "Ankh" as a *raison d'être*, while dozens of other exclusive novelties are on view at prices ranging from the most modest to the entirely opulent. Another old but newly reintroduced fashion are earrings, without which no fashionable woman now regards her adornment as complete. Messrs. Benson find these items of jewellery almost more popular than any other, and as can be seen from the illustrations shown above, earrings are now made in a variety of graceful designs, their tendency being to grow longer after the Empire, Mediæval Italian, and Ancient Roman designs, many of which are copied, while other patterns are modern and in the art of the hour. Many beautiful pendants (another favourite revival) are also prominent amongst the distracting attractions of Benson's Bond Street salons, some in emeralds and diamonds, after the severe Empire style, being in exceedingly good taste, and, as stones of the finest water, exquisitely set, are indeed calculated to make the appreciative mouth water. Some particularly brilliant gems are employed in the original pendant of this sketch, and several reversible tiaras, pearl-tipped or with pendent stones at the points, strike the last note of enviable elegance. Of high dog-collars with gorgeous diamond slides Bensons have an unusual selection; while cases of many-patterned things dazzle the giver of presents with their various attractiveness. One magnificent flashing diamond, set in splendid solitude, was eight hundred pounds. Somebody who got in early on Hudson Bays might appropriately purchase it. I hear that dozens of stockbrokers' wives are running to new ta-ra-ras this Christmas, owing to the successful bulling or bearing of their various lords.

Peter Robinson's are helping their crowds of Christmas customers not a little by the issue of a pretty booklet, called "A Useful Guide to Christmas Shopping." It is easily carried, and shows at a glance the different departments where the articles one is likely to require can be seen at a glance: toys, dolls, games in that wonderful underground department; Parisian lamp-shades, novel and unique, pictures, perfumes, china, silver purses, bags, jewellery, and the thousand-and-one trifles with which we prove that our friends are remembered at this season of sweet and pleasant memories. No one coming to town for Christmas should be without a copy of this neat and handy booklet, which can be had by return of post on application.

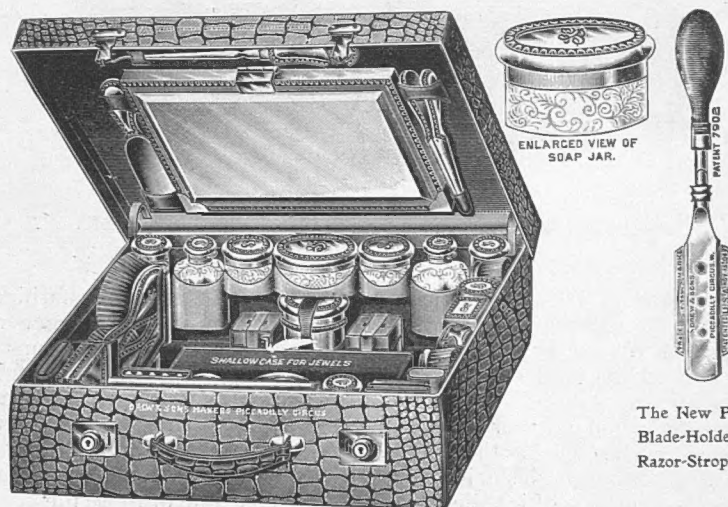
As perfume, when really good, appeals to every Eve's daughter, that numerous family should know of the famous "Lubin" preparations

and perfumes, which are sent out from the Maison Lubin, 11, Rue Royale, Paris. The "Enigma" scent is unrivalled for penetrating delicacy, and is to many Parisiennes the most fascinating of all scents. Prettily decorated boxes, containing a bottle of perfume, a sachet, a flask of Lubin toilet-water, and a piece of soap, are all made up as presentation-cases, and can be had on application to the above-mentioned address.

In the theatre one does not want very strong opera-glasses—only something that will bring the actors' facial expression sufficiently close without revealing the marks of paint and pencil. For racing, yachting, aëroplaning, or other sports, however, the glass that will bring distance near, nearer, nearest is what the average sightseer requires. So in this connection a Busch prism binocular is something akin to a necessity, and becomes a possession to pray for. Lord Charles Beresford, who, in his quality of sailor, must have judged many hundred glasses, says he has never looked through glasses "so good," and if someone reading these pages and puzzling over a proposed benefaction for sailor or soldier or sporting son or nephew addresses himself forthwith to the Busch Optical Company, 35, Charles Street, Hatton Garden, he will get much interesting information on the subject.

When a man specialises in anything, be he a physician, lawyer, chemist, or manufacturer, it may be safely conceded that, his entire attention being concentrated on one subject, he is more competent in that particular than are his "general practitioner" compeers. So it remains without insisting that in the matter of dressing-bags, tea-baskets, luncheon-baskets and leather goods of all kinds whatsoever, Drew and Sons, of 33, 35, and 37, Piccadilly Circus are past masters by reason of expert knowledge and exclusive skill and experience. Their name is a synonym for excellence of workmanship, high quality, and good, honest British value. Their enormous clientèle in far-off lands and at home testifies to this, and notwithstanding the ever-growing competition of modern trading conditions, their high reputation and integrity keep them prominent in the race. As an example of the quality of work achieved by Drew and Sons the original of the sketch may be cited. It is a ladies' dressing, or week-end case as they are now called, made in green crocodile skin lined and fitted with green crushed morocco to match. The bottles and boxes are crystal, charmingly engraved in a light Louis Seize pattern. Each lid or screw-top is of plain solid gold, with a narrow border in relief—all in exquisite taste. The large table mirror, fitting into the lid of the dressing-case, is treated in the same manner as to the border, and is in itself a gorgeous ornament, apart from its utility as a chief item in the galaxy of lovely things contained in this most complete *multum in parvo*.

As most men suffer at not infrequent intervals from the unsharpened edge of their razors, it will come as a boon to know



USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL PRESENTS: A WEEK-END CASE, AND A BLADE-HOLDER, AT MESSRS. DREW AND SONS', 33, 35, 37, PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

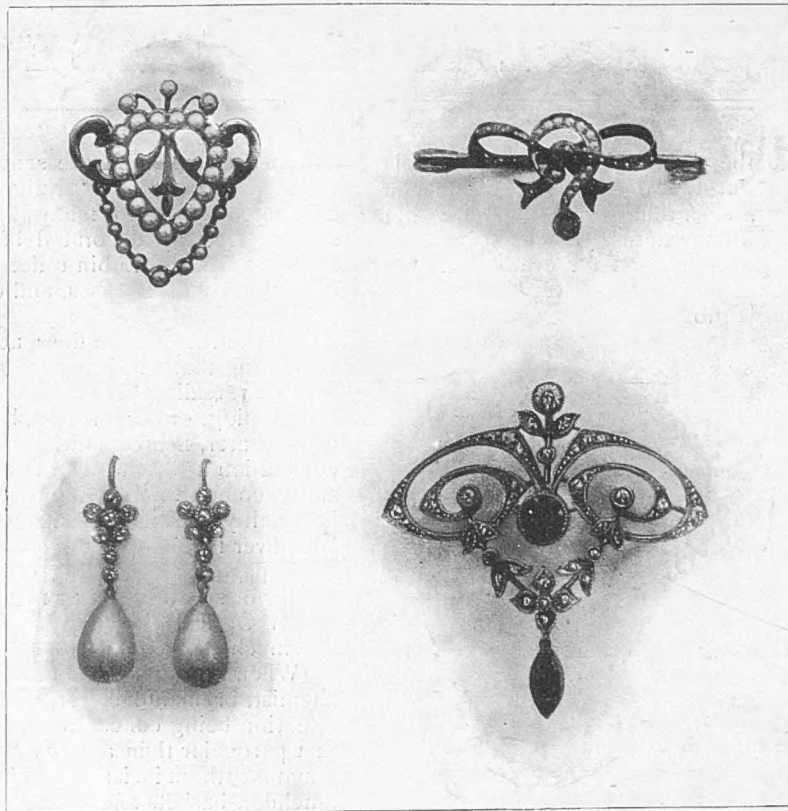
of Drew's new patent blade-holder, the cost of which is but five shillings, post free. With this ingenious apparatus, the dull blades of the "Gillette" razor can be made miraculously hair-cutting in but a few seconds on an ordinary leather strop. Many hundreds of men now use these blade-holders, and beatify Drew in the now easy process of shaving. Other useful Christmas presents are shown, notably letter and note cases in a very thin and exceptionally pliable leather, which, while lying flat and not bulging the coat-pockets, wears, exceedingly well, and looks good to the very end.

With the opening of the Riviera season comes the welcome reminder of an indispensable Drew "En Route" basket for the cheering cup of tea, so truly grateful and comforting when hurrying along by train or motor, tired, dusty, thirsty, and longing for "a dish of tea." A safety patent lamp now accompanies each Drew basket, and a patent tea-infuser prevents tannin and escape of tea-leaves.

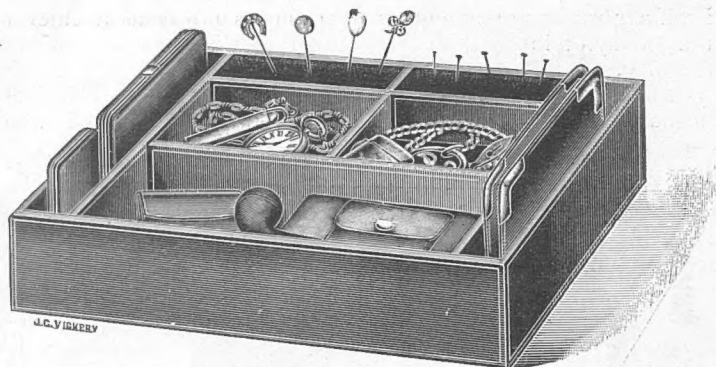


The "En Route" Drew tea and luncheon baskets are daintily and compactly made, and are well above all imitators. No one should travel without one or both; while in this connection it may be noted that a newly introduced hat-case, in which hats can be placed and packed without fear of danger, comes as a real consoler to long-suffering humanity. The railway porter, with all the will in the world, can no longer wreak damage and destruction on chapeaux entrusted to the kindly shelter of Drew's patent hat-box.

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company have issued a new and exceptionally attractive catalogue, in which a novel and inexpensive series of Christmas gifts is most alluringly illustrated. Designs in the restrained but exquisite Empire manner immediately attract attention, as do a laurel-wreath tied with true-lovers' knot in diamonds, for example, with pendent pearl, forming a charming brooch; another, a heart-shaped pin in enamels and pearls; bracelets in sapphire and diamonds of original scroll patterns, and a number of exquisitely simple but highly effective necklets in diamonds and pearls, or diamonds daintily intermixed with variously coloured jewels. It cannot be too widely known that every article produced by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company is of the very finest quality, designed by the best artists, put together by the most highly skilled artificers, and therefore as noticeably superior to the ordinary commonplace forms of jewellery as is the *chef d'œuvre* of the true artist to the daub of the mere amateur. Many important jewels, such as tiaras, necklaces, and corsage ornaments, in which the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company specialise, are of exquisitely lace-like and apparently fragile



BEAUTIFUL JEWELLERY AT THE GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY'S,  
112 & 110, REGENT STREET, W.



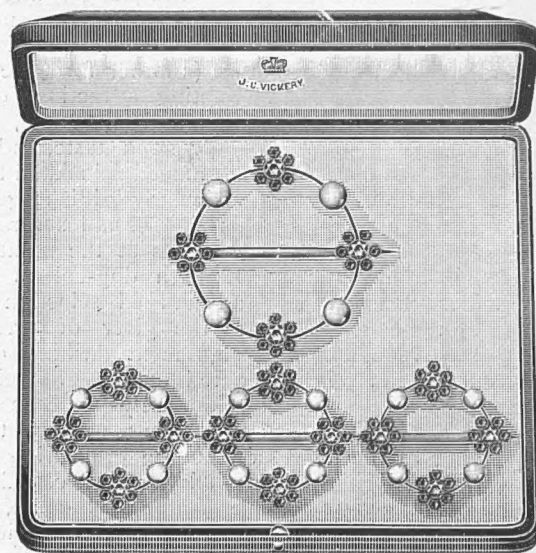
AN INGENIOUS "DRESSING-TABLE TRAY" FOR GENTLEMEN AT  
MR. J. C. VICKERY'S, 179, 181, and 183, REGENT STREET, W.

construction, but in reality are as strong and as durably fashioned as if the stones were embedded in gold, after the unregenerate fashion of earlier Victorian times. The revival of earrings as a fashionable form of *bijouterie* finds the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths extensively stocked with all kinds and shapes of this favourite ornament. A popular form is illustrated in diamonds and pearls of fine quality, which the company is just now selling largely for Christmas and bridesmaids' presents. Enamel is now figuring largely on certain forms of jewellery, and brooches like one of those illustrated, which is of wine-red enamel and pearls, with a ruby drop, make engaging gifts, while costing practically something like the proverbial song. A few novelties in lace-pins make excellent showing as presents: twin diamond-and-ruby bees connected with a tiny chain, twin dragon-flies similarly manacled, lady-birds, swallows, stars, grenades in pairs, all make dainty and useful gifts. The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths are also reviving the time-honoured custom of selling jewellery *en suite*, and one of their most dainty conceptions is a complete set—brooch, earrings, and necklet complete in case, diamonds and beautifully tinted amethysts being the jewels chosen. Should the notion become popular—as seems very certain—we shall, no doubt, have a bracelet added in due course to make the set complete. In jewels, as in all else, harmony is ever more effective than contrast.

It is an accepted fact amongst women—and indeed generally admitted, I believe, by those most concerned—that men have the best of it in this sublunary existence, and a very good best it is. They are pampered, they are spoilt, they are petted, by sisters, cousins,

and aunts, from pinafore time to extremest adolescence—more especially at Christmas, when, deluged with souvenirs from affectionate friends, does the petting process reach its zenith. As if all this were not enough, here comes Mr. Vickery with his clever invention of a dressing-table tray for gentlemen, which spells the last word of convenience. Into this handy receptacle for articles taken from various pockets go card-case, watch-and-chain, letter-case, and the many etceteras of those same pockets, that are usually scattered in disarray about all parts of the dressing-room. As a present this tray is ideal, and looks very smart in either moss-green or red leather or golden crocodile-skin. It is also cheap, as is the price asked for everything at Vickery's three famous shops, no matter how choice or exclusive the design or article. Seeing how Bridge has got us all on the hip nowadays, a combined silver match-stand, ash-tray, and trump-indicator, with score-value card, may be set down as a Christmas cadeau bringing its own welcome. As one of our illustrations also indicates,

Mr. Vickery does not forget his customers of the gentler sex. A new series of visiting-card cases is provided, with small powder-puff and mirror, arranged so as not to increase bulk, while greatly adding to the convenience of this indispensable article. A really handsome parasol is, again, a constant pleasure to the well-gowned woman, and one brought out by Vickery, with handle of real rock crystal decorated with a jewelled band, the *parapluie* being dark-blue silk, is the *en tout cas par excellence* for Christmas presentation. The new pierced silver sweet-dishes on stands brought out by this firm have a cachet of their own, very noticeably unlike the common or garden bonbon dishes of everyday dinner-tables. Decorated china for writing-sets mounted in gilt bronze has become very popular, and the exquisite designs of the Empire and Louis XVI. period appeal greatly to our desires for embellishment of boudoir or morning-room. Excellent, too, for the country cottage are those reference-book fronts and letter-box fronts of Vickery's; and the small, elegant, but very comprehensive writing-tables—specially designed for the inditing of scented notes, it would seem—appeal to the daintiness of taste in bride or fiancée at Christmas time. In these days of hygienic breakfasts, silver porridge-bowls revisit glimpses of the well-equipped table—some with two handles, some without, others circular in form, with cover forming a plate. These are inexpensive, novel, and make delightful presents. Electric-light reading-lamps, electric cigar-lighters, ring the changes of our choice, while opulent-looking gold purses—jewelled, plain, bag-shaped, or the old-fashioned "stocking"—are spread around inviting purchase. Luxurious requisites for travelling are not wanting to complete the tale: silken air-cushions, travelling-rugs covered in dark green silk, with pillow to match; leather-covered cushions with side-pockets and receptacles for newspapers and novels, are all thought out, as is that first-rate invention for the country house or frequent giver of "Bridge drives"—a cabinet of card-tables containing six distinct tables with folding legs, which can be withdrawn and set ready for use, or replaced in a few minutes. The cabinet is quite a handsome piece of furniture, and



A CHARMING SET OF FOUR BROOCHES IN DIAMONDS, PEARLS, AND RUBIES, AT MR. J. C. VICKERY'S,  
179, 181, & 183, REGENT STREET, W.



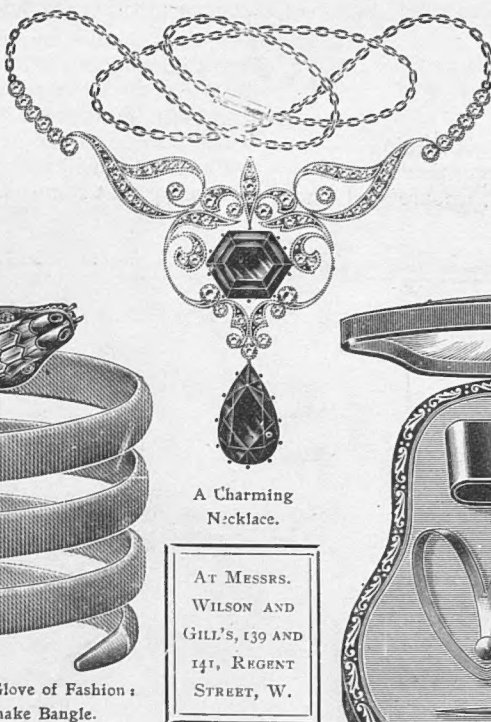
would stand in study or hall, in itself a most useful article, when not disintegrated. On all sides Vickery's ingenuity is so apparent that an immediate visit to their shop seems a necessity to all who contemplate in however limited a manner the giving and receiving of presents.

Messrs. Wilson and Gill, otherwise "The Goldsmiths," of 139, Regent Street, show an even more than ordinarily good selection of Christmas surprises this season. Their brown pottery decanters, richly inlaid with real silver in quaint designs, are charming. The same applies to crystal decanters, in various shapes. Present-givers will find these silver inlaid jugs and bottles most charming. Silver engraved jardinières and pierced silver flower-stands to hold palms and blossoms are also elegant exceedingly. Date-racks with watches set in the top to decorate the writing-table, and flexible silver cigarette-cases made in woven bands of metal both meet a long-felt want. Another useful present for

men friends (relations or otherwise) consists of fine gold tie-clips, a fastener, and two pins, all complete in a dainty leather case for a mere twenty-five shillings. An illustration shows how completely the wants of our masculine belongings are catered for in this luxurious age. Another novel device in the now popular earring is shown in diamond and emeralds, which, when worn, look as if the jewels had been threaded through the ear, one tiny chain hanging in front, another at the back of the ear. Some splendid opals are shown in "The Goldsmiths" collection of jewellery, one large opal as pendant, surrounded by diamonds, with a hanging ruby, being quite unique. The fine gold flexible snake bangle reappears again in our midst, and does useful office in holding up the long glove of fashion. Properly to appreciate the good effect of amethysts and diamonds, one must see the delicate settings of both stones in conjunction at Wilson and Gill's; tiny brilliants, lightly set in platinum, support large amethysts with a pleasant effect of well-combined fragility and solidity. Infinitely useful are their combined silver-mounted pin-cushions, with jewel-drawer, hat-pin rack, and ring-stand, all complete for the merest thirty shillings. It may at once be set down as invaluable and most decorative to any dressing-table. Jewelled hat-pins are shown in many seductive designs—and add so immensely to the well-being of millinery that every woman now provides herself with a selection of the same. Wilson and Gill's specialties appear as gold shells set with pearls, diamond-eyed serpents, enamelled lotus-leaves, and so on. In the catalogue, which is sent free on application, a charming little necklace of amethysts, with a diamond lattice-work between each stone, will at once claim attention. Ideal for Christmas or wedding presents, its price is well under twenty pounds.

Nothing if not desirous of moving with the times—and succeeding in extraordinary degree—Mr. Kenneth Durward, of Ulster House, Conduit Street, W., has just produced a new overcoat for sporting and general wear. This we illustrate. It is an exceedingly smart-looking affair, and its effect is largely added to by the special manner in which it is cut in at the waist to define the figure, and made with extra spring round the skirt to give the wearer ample freedom of movement, while always retaining its shape back and front. It has a very bold front, being buttoned through and showing either leather or buffalo-horn buttons. The cuffs are turned back and buttoned, but can be let down to cover the hands—a useful thing when motoring or driving. All kinds of materials are used for the making of the coat—cheviots, homespuns, etc.—and it is to be had in all colours and textures. Certainly, those desirous of looking smart should pay Mr. Kenneth Durward a visit without loss of time.

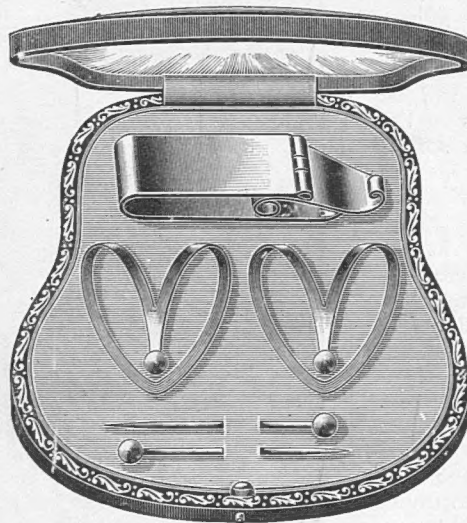
Forthcoming children's parties require the introduction of plentiful, varied, and wholesome "goodies" in the household for these great occasions. Mothers puzzling over what to buy



A Charming  
Necklace.

To Hold up the Long Glove of Fashion:  
A Gold Flexible Snake Bangle.

AT MESSRS.  
WILSON AND  
GILL'S, 139 AND  
141, REGENT  
STREET, W.



A Capital Present for Men Friends: Gold Tie-Clips,  
Fastener, and Pins.

and what to avoid can with confidence lay in a plenteous stock of Chivers' jellies, which are always palatable, pleasant, and nourishing.

SYBIL.

The Palais Royal is noted for its farces. An amusing little play staged at this moment is called "Fils à Papa." It is a real, rollicking Parisian vaudeville. None the less, it is slightly smeared with the ointment of philosophy.

It is one of the curiosities of French theatrical productions that the man who writes the naughtiest pieces or the most screaming nonsense seeks to have a philosophic basis. For instance, in "Fils à Papa," the implied object of the play, beyond the mere fun of it, is to show that when the father is a gay old dog, the son is a gay young one. The father in this case is a Senator and Member of the Institute. His wife supposes him to be deeply immersed in writing learned

books. In reality he is dining with an interesting young person in a restaurant at Montparnasse. To this same restaurant comes the young man on a similar errand. They are mutually discovered, and the senior gay dog falls joyfully into the arms of the gay dog junior. He is delighted to find his own traits in his son, whom he feared was so good that he might die at any moment. The son, on his side, always looked upon his father as a model of austerity, and when he finds he isn't, then he, too, is glad. There is no more philosophy in the piece than that, and it is the excuse for a really good evening's enjoyment.

Not for many a long day has so important a golden wedding been celebrated as that of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Bischoffsheim, the remarkable pair who have long been among the most popular of London hosts and hostesses. Mr. Bischoffsheim is, of course, the head of the great financial house which rivals in importance that of the Rothschilds. His great personal hobby is geography, and he is a Fellow of the R.G.S. Mrs. Bischoffsheim is Viennese by birth, but to all intents and purposes she is an Englishwoman, and as mistress of Bute House she has taken her place among the most successful of our great entertainers, while she was honoured by being specially invited to be one of the King's guests at the Abbey on Coronation Day. Great festivities took place in connection with the auspicious anniversary, and it is announced that no less a sum than £100,000 is being divided among the various charities in which both the husband and wife have long taken a personal interest.

The big men who look after our physical welfare are gradually ranging themselves on the side of temperance. The man of many bottles, could he now return, would find nowadays even the most convivial of modern company but tame. Truth to tell, the men of many bottles, whose descendants are now paying the bill in the form of congenital gout, would have made bad subjects for life assurance. There is a terrific picture by Scott of a merry meeting of West of Scotland lairds, who sat and drank together for three days and nights. Finally, one of the party remarked, "Mackinnon looks gash"—that is, ghastly. The attention of the rest was fixed upon the man of whom the other had spoken. "Gash?" remarked a third casually. "Gash, is it? Likely enouch. He's been dead these five hours." His companions rose in dismay. "And what for did ye no tell it before?" "And what for disturb gude company for a bit body like him?" was the cool rejoinder.



THE "BREADALBANE" CONDUIT COAT—  
MADE BY MR. KENNETH DURWARD, ULSTER  
HOUSE, CONDUIT STREET, W.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 11.*

## MONEY AND OTHER THINGS.

THE Bank Return shows that the 6 per cent. rate is making itself felt, and that if the demands of Brazil and Argentina for gold can only be satisfied from some other market, we are well on the way to better things. The reserve has reached almost safe figures again, and although there is no prospect of cheap money this side of the middle or end of January, we may fairly congratulate ourselves that there will be no need for higher rates in the meantime. It has been a sort of tradition that the direct responsibilities of the Imperial Government command a higher price than Colonial stocks, but for the first time within the memory of man we have an example of Colonial credit being better than that of the Mother Country. Canadian 3 per cent. stock is at par, while local loans are at 98. Whether this has anything to do with the politics of the United Kingdom we will not venture to say; but, at least, it is worthy of being marked with red letters in the financial diary of every Imperialist.

## CANADIANS AND MEXICAN RAILS.

In all of these railway stocks the markets are good ones. For the time being the greater interest centres in the Mexican group, and the securities of the four companies which are best known over here are very much to the fore at the moment. Mexican National First Preferred have touched 60, and look like going better. The Second Preferred shares have naturally been thrown into some prominence by the rise in the others, but they must remain a gambling counter for some time to come. So far as Inter-oceanic issues are concerned the shares and Debenture stock of the Company have been continually

advised in these columns as a good investment, and we see no reason why they should be sold now, though some reaction in the shares is not improbable after their sharp rise. Much the same remark covers the Mexican Railway junior stocks. The First Preference need not be sold even by those who have the very substantial profit which has accrued since the issue was first indicated as a capital speculative investment. It will eventually go to 150, and Seconds are quite likely to reach par at some future date. That the same price will be attained by Trunk Thirds is the grand hope of their proprietors, but such optimism must be dismissed as falling outside the pale of practical politics. The high-water mark of the stock is not more than 80 when the full 4 per cent. is being earned and paid. And Canadian Pacifics can be counted upon to reach 200 within a reasonable time.

## PUSING LAMA TIN.

Last week "Q" mentioned these shares, and he now sends us the following note on the subject—

The shareholders of the *Pusing Lama Tin Mines, Limited*, will be receiving in a few days the second annual report, and it should prove very pleasant reading to them. The last report, which was presented at the general meeting on Dec. 28, 1905, covered the period from the incorporation of the Company on Jan. 10, 1904, to June 30, 1905, a period of seventeen and a half months. In that report the Directors were able to announce that all the operations which were necessary as a preliminary to the output of tin had been completed, and that the Company was free from all debt or charge of any kind. Up to June 1905, however, production had only been on a small scale, the total value of the tin recovered being given as £3425. I should mention here, perhaps, that the authorised capital of the Company is £120,000, of which £96,105

has been issued in shares of £1 each. During the twelve months from June 1905—June 1906, the output of tin has amounted to 12,018 piculs, valued at £66,894. Since the close of the financial year the output for the last four months has been—

	Piculs.	Value.		Piculs.	Value.
July ..	1335	£7817	September ..	1075	£6767
August ..	1210	£7583	October ..	1270	£8400

The dividends paid during the past twelve months have been: December 1905, 6d.; February 1906, 6d.; March, 6d.; May, 6d.; July, 2s.; August, 1s.;

*[Continued on page XII.]*

RAILWAY BUILDING IN CANADA: THE ST. JOHN-BRANDON BRANCH OF THE GREAT NORTHERN.

*By kind permission of "Canadian Life and Resources."*

## KEYBOARD DIFFICULTIES

SWEPT AWAY BY THE INVENTION OF

## The "AUTOPIANO"

What everyone has been looking for, and what they have until now been unable to find, is an invention that will overcome the difficulties of the keyboard of the piano, which is essentially the instrument of the home, and yet at the same time be humanly responsive to touch, time and expression.



The "AUTOPIANO" is the same in size and appearance as an ordinary high-grade pianoforte.

These ideals have at last been combined in the "Autopiano," which is the most magnificent pianoforte that modern skill and science produces, offered for sale by Messrs. Kastner and Co., Ltd., at just the price of an ordinary high-grade piano. Its patent flexible fingers, melody stops, durability and beautiful singing tone, place it in a class of its own—the standard of musical perfection.

The "Autopiano" can also be played by hand in the ordinary manner. It may be purchased for cash or instalments, or exchanged for the present piano, for which full value is allowed.

A visit to our Showrooms will convince you that the "Autopiano" is all that it claims to be, or write for illustrated descriptive Art Catalogue, No. 5, which will be sent without charge to every applicant.

## KASTNER &amp; CO., LTD.,

34, 35, and 36, MARGARET STREET, CAVENTISH SQUARE, W.  
Or auxiliary showrooms at 302, Regent Street, W. (near the Queen's Hall).

N.B.—The word "Autopiano" is not a "generic" term. Every genuine "Autopiano" bears the word "Autopiano" and the name "Kastner" on the fall.

## SIR JOHN BENNETT

WATCH, CLOCK AND JEWELLERY MANUFACTURERS.

*Illustrated Catalogues Post Free.*

£25

£25

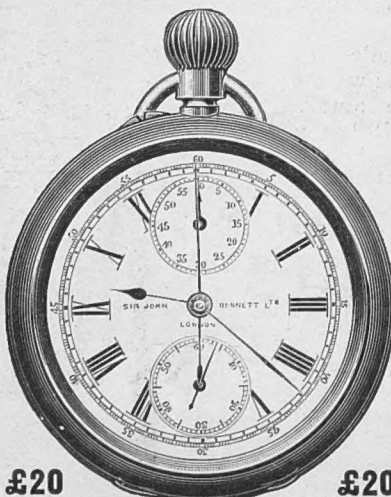
Our "STANDARD" Gold Keyless Three-Quarter Plate English Half Chronometer Watch, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in Thirteen Actions. In Massive 18-carat Case, with Monogram Richly Embellished. Ditto in Silver, £15.



£5

£5

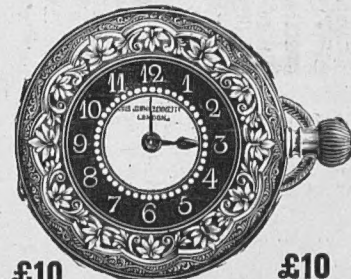
Our "CHEAPSIDE" Three-Quarter Plate English Keyless Lever, with Chronometer Balance and fully Jewelled in Rubies, in Strong Silver Case, with Crystal Glass. The cheapest watch ever produced. Air, Damp, and Dust Tight. Ditto in Gold, £15.



£20

£20

Gold Keyless Chronograph, for Racing and Scientific Purposes. Ditto in Silver, £10.



£10

£10

Lady's Gold Keyless Lever. Perfect for Time, Beauty and Workmanship. Ditto in Silver, £5.

65, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.